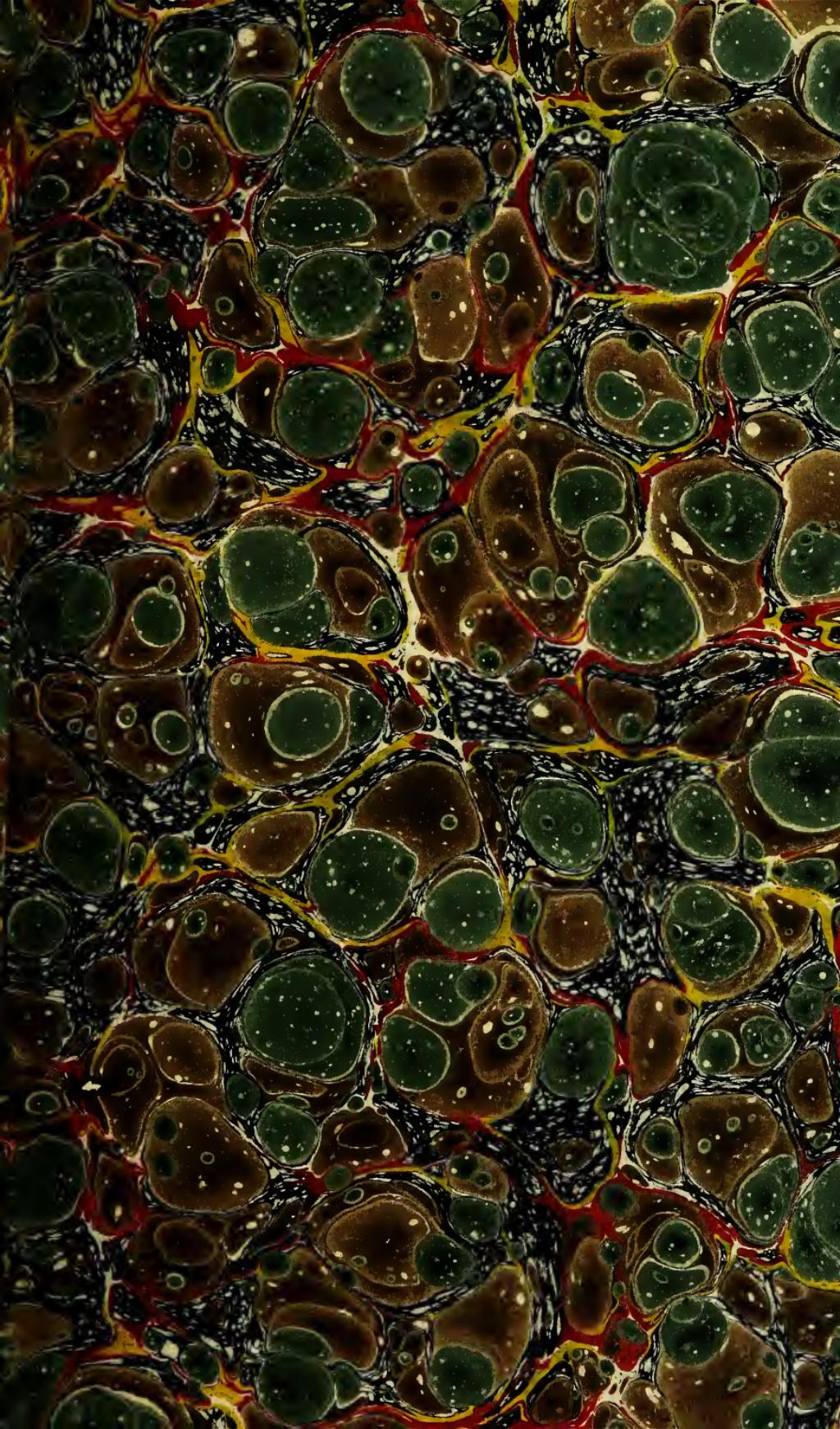


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O B S E R V A T I O N S  
O N T H E  
R I V E R W Y E, &c.



# OBSERVATIONS

ON THE

## RIVER WYE,

AND SEVERAL PARTS OF

## SOUTH WALES, &c.

RELATIVE CHIEFLY TO

## PICTURESQUE BEAUTY;

M A D E

In the Summer of the Year 1770,

---

By WILLIAM GILPIN, M. A.  
VICAR of BOLDRE near LYMINGTON.

---

L O N D O N :

PRINTED FOR R. BLAMIRE IN THE STRAND.

S O L D B Y B. L A W, A V E M A R Y L A N E S,  
A N D

R. FAULDER, N E W B O N D S T R E E T.

M.DCC.LXXXII.

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T O T H E

Rev. WILLIAM MASON.

*Vicar's Hill,*  
November 20, 1782.

DEAR SIR,

THE very favourable manner, in which you spoke \* of some observations I shewed you in MS. several years ago, *On the lakes, and mountains of the northern parts of this island*, induced many of my friends, at different times, to desire the publication of them. But as they are illustrated by a great variety of plans, and drawings, the hazard and expence had rather a formidable appearance.

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\* See Gray's memoirs, p. 377.

Your

Your advice against a subscription, which some persons of rank and eminence did me the honour to propose, I have considered; and am convinced, on weighing the matter, that without ascertaining a little better the difficulties of printing so complicated a work, I should find myself embarrassed by an *engagement with the public*; and should infallibly injure either my subscribers on one hand; or myself on the other.

I have followed your advice, you see, also in another point; and have made an essay in a smaller work of the same kind; which may enable me the better to ascertain the expences of a larger, if I should, at any time hereafter, be inclined to print it.

I have chosen the following little piece for that purpose; which was the first of the kind I ever amused myself with; and as it is very un-

unimportant in itself, you will excuse my endeavouring to give it some little credit by the following anecdote.

In the same year, in which this little journey was made, your late valuable friend Mr. Gray † made it likewise; and hearing that I had

† Mr. Gray's own account of this tour is contained in a letter, dated the 24th of May, 1771.

“ My last summer's tour was through Worcestershire, “ Gloucestershire, Monmouthshire, Herefordshire, and “ Shropshire, five of the most beautiful counties in the “ kingdom. The very principal light, and capital “ feature of my journey, was the river Wye, which I “ descended in a boat for near 40 miles from Ross to “ Chepstow. Its banks are a succession of nameless “ beauties. One, out of many, you may see not ill- “ described by Mr. Whately, in his observations on “ gardening, under the name of the New-Weir. He “ has also touched on two others, Tintern-abby, and “ Persfield; both of them famous scenes; and both on “ the Wye. Monmouth, a town I never heard men- “ tioned, lies on the same river; in a vale, that is the “ delight of my eyes, and the very seat of pleasure. The “ vale

had put on paper a few remarks on the scenes, which he had so lately visited, he desired a sight of them. They were then only in a rude state; but the handsome things he said of them to a friend <sup>†</sup> of his, who obligingly repeated them to me, gave them, I own, some little degree of credit in my own opinion; and make me somewhat less apprehensive in risking them before the public.

If this little work afforded any amusement to Mr. Gray, it was the amusement of a very late period of his life. He saw it in London, about the beginning of June 1771; and he

“ vale of Abergavenny, Ragland, and Chepstow-castles,  
 “ Ludlow, Malvern-hills, &c. were the rest of my ac-  
 “ quisitions; and no bad harvest, in my opinion: but I  
 “ made no journal myself; else you should have had it.  
 “ I have indeed a short one, written by the companion  
 “ of my travels, Mr. Nicholls, that serves to recall, and  
 “ fix the fleeting images of these things.”

<sup>‡</sup> William Fraser Esq; under-secretary of state.

died,

died, you know, at the end of the July following.

Had he lived, it is possible, he might have been induced to have assisted me with a few of his own remarks on scenes, which he had so accurately examined. The slightest touches of such a master would have had their effect. No man was a greater admirer of nature, than Mr. Gray; nor admired it with better taste.

The descriptive part however of this little work, I can only offer to the public, as a hasty sketch. To criticize the face of a country correctly, you should see it oftener than once; and in various seasons. Different circumstances make such changes in the same landscape, as give it wholly a new aspect. But these scenes are marked just as they struck the eye at first. I had not an opportunity to repeat the view.

For the drawings, I must apologize in the same manner. They were hastily sketched, and under many disadvantages; and pretend only to give some idea of the *general effect* of a scene: but, in *no degree* to mark the several picturesque, and ornamental particulars, of which it is composed.

They were etched by a young man, a relation of mine, who has not yet had experience enough to execute the several details, with that masterly freedom, which I could wish: but his endeavours, I hope, have been tolerably successful in giving, what is more essential, the effect of the whole.

Such as the work is, I print it by your advice; and it is chiefly in deference to your opinion; and to that of others of my friends, that my expectation of any favour from the public

public is derived. I am, dear Sir, with great regard, and esteem,

Your most obedient,

And very sincere,

Humble Servant,

WILLIAM GILPIN.



# C O N T E N T S.

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## S E C T. I.

GENERAL PURPOSES of travelling—end proposed in this tour—Lord Cadogan's—Wallingford-road—Shillingford—Witney—Burford—picture of the More family—view at Barrington—North-leach—Leckhampton-hills—Glocester—Rofs.

## S E C T. II.

The Wye—sources of its beauty—and general ornaments.

## S E C T. III.

Remarks on weather as it affects landscape—first part of the river from Rofs—Goodrich-castle—remarks on natural composition—Rure-dean church—Stone-quarries, and Bishop's wood—remarks on Mannerists—Lidbroke—Welsh-Bicknor—Cold-well—White-church—New-Weir—Coricle—Monmouth.

## S E C T. IV.

St. Breval's—how pasturage affects landscape—Tintern-abbey—iron-works.

S E C T.

## C O N T E N T S.

### S E C T. V.

Persfield—Chepstow—country between Chepstow, and Monmouth.

### S E C T. VI.

Ragland-castle—Brecknoc-hills—Abergavenny—Vale of Usk—Tretower-castle—Brecknoc—its castle and abbey—country between Brecknoc and Trecaſtle—remarks on white objects—Llandovery.

### S E C T. VII.

Llandilo—vale of Towy—poem of Grongar-hill criticised—Dinevawr-castle—observations on varied surfaces—Merlin's cave—distant view of the vale of Towy.

### S E C T. VIII.

Country, after we leave Llandilo—Black-mountain—effects of a storm—scenery beyond the Black-mountain—view of Neath.

### S E C T. IX.

Vista of mountains—copper-works—Margam-sand-bank—river Abravon—Lord Manfell's woods—Pyle—remarks on painting a croud.

S E C T.

## C O N T E N T S.

### S E C T. X.

Bridgend—Cowbridge—distant view of Bristol Channel  
heights of Clanditham—remarks on distant views—  
Cardiff—Newport—approach to the ferry—passage  
—distant view of the Welsh-coast.

### S E C T. XI.

Road to Bristol—remarks on strong tinting—Bristol—  
hot-wells—country between Bristol and Bath—Bath  
—Chippenham—Marlborough—Marlborough-downs  
—road to Newberry—Donnington-castle—remarks  
on painting imaginary objects.

OBSER-



O B S E R V A T I O N S  
ON THE  
R I V E R W Y E, Esq.

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S E C T I O N I.

WE travel for various purposes; to explore the culture of soils; to view the curiosities of art; to survey the beauties of nature; to search for her productions; and to learn the manners of men; their different polities, and modes of life.

The following little work proposes a new object of pursuit; that of not barely examining the face of a country; but of examining it by the rules of

picturesque beauty; that of not merely describing; but of adapting the description of natural scenery to the principles of artificial landscape; and of opening the sources of those pleasures, which are derived from the comparison.

Observations of this kind, through the vehicle of description, have the better chance of being founded in truth; as they are not the offspring of theory; but are taken warm from the scenes of nature, as they arise.

Crossing Hounslow-heath, from Kingston, in Surry, we struck into the Reading-road; and turned a little aside, to see the approach to Caversham-house, which winds about a mile, along a valley, through the park. Nothing can be easier than the sweep; nor better united than the ground; nor more ornamental than several of the clumps: but many of the single trees, which are beeches, are heavy. An ordinary tree may group; but a tree should be handsome, if it stands alone.

From Lord Cadogan's we took the Wallingford-road to Oxford. It affords some variety, running along the declivity of a range of hills; and overlooking a valley. But there is nothing very interesting in the scene. The Thames intervenes; but it seldom appears. The woods are frequent; but they

they are formal copies: and white spots, bursting every where from a chalky soil, distract the eye.

From Wallingford to Oxford, the road scarce affords one good view, except at Shillingford; where the bridge, the river, and its woody banks exhibit some scenery.

From Oxford we proposed to take the nearest road to Rofs. As far as Witney the country is flat. About the eleventh stone the high grounds command a noble semi-circular distance on the left; and near Burford there are views of the same kind, on the right; but not so extensive. None of these landscapes however are perfect, as they want the accompaniments of foregrounds.

At Mr. Lenthal's, in Burford, there is a capital picture of the family of the Mores, by Holbein, which is worth visiting. It contains eleven figures—Sir Thomas More, and his father; two young ladies, and other branches of the family. The heads are as expressive, as the composition is formal. The judge is marked with the character of a dry, facetious, sensible old man. The chancellor is handed down to us in history, both as a cheerful philosopher; and as a severe inquisitor. His countenance here has much of that eagerness, and stern attention, which remind us of the latter. The subject of this piece seems to be a dispute between

the two young ladies; and alludes probably to some well-known family story.

Indeed every family-picture should be founded on some little story, or domestic incident, which, in a degree, should engage the attention of all the figures. It would be invidious perhaps to tax Vandyke on this head: but if the truth might be spoken, I could mention some of his family-pictures, which, if the sweetnes of his colouring, and the elegant simplicity of his airs, and attitudes, did not make us forget all faults, would appear only like so many distinct portraits, stuck together on the same canvas. It would be equally invidious to omit mentioning a modern master, now at the head of his profession\*, whose great fertility of invention in employing the figures of his family-pictures, is not among the least of his many excellencies.

The country from Burford is high, and downy. A valley, on the right, kept pace with us; through which flows the Windrush; not indeed an object of sight; but easily traced along the meadows by pollard-willows, and a more luxuriant vegetation.

---

\* Sir Joshua Reynolds.

At Barrington you have a pleasing view, seen through an opening on the foreground.

About North-leach the road grows very disagreeable. Nothing appears, but downs on each side; and these often divided by stone walls, the most offensive separation of property,

From Frogmill the road still continues along the same heights. About the eleventh stone from Gloucester a noble distance opens, terminated by the Malvern-hills.

At length, the heights break down, and let us into the plains below. The winding precipice, through which the road descends, is called, I believe, Leckhampton-hills. The descent is long, and abrupt; and, at every turn, presents some rough knoll, or promontory; which forms an excellent foreground; or opens a beautiful distance.

Having descended these heights, the road continues so level to Gloucester, that we scarce saw the town, till we entered it.

The cathedral is an elegant piece of Gothic without: but within, it is heavy Saxon. A Grecian screen is injudiciously introduced, to separate the choir. The cloisters are light, and airy.

As

As we leave the gates of Gloucester, the view is pleasing. A long stretch of meadow, filled with cattle, spreads into a foreground. Beyond, is a screen of wood, terminated by distant mountains ; among which Malvern-hills make a respectable appearance. The road to Ross, leads through a landscape, woody, rough, hilly, and agreeable.

Ross stands high, and commands many distant views ; but that from the church-yard is the most admired ; and is indeed very amusing. It consists of an easy sweep of the Wye ; and of an extensive country beyond it. But it is not picturesque. It is marked by no characteristic objects : it is broken into too many parts ; and it is seen from too high a point. The spire of the church, which is the man of Ross's *heaven-directed spire*, tapers beautifully. The inn, which was the house he lived in, is known by the name of the *man of Ross's house*.

At Ross, we planned our voyage down the Wye to Monmouth ; providing a covered-boat, navigated by three men. Less strength would have carried us down ; but the labour is in rowing back.

## S E C T. II.

THE WYE takes its rise near the summit of Plinlimmon ; and dividing the counties of Radnor, and Brecknock, passes through Herefordshire. From thence becoming a second boundary between Monmouth, and Gloucestershire, it falls into the Severn, a little below Chepstow. To this place from Ross, which is a course of near 40 miles, it flows in a gentle, uninterrupted stream ; and adorns, through its various reaches, a succession of the most picturesque scenes.

The beauty of these scenes arises chiefly from two circumstances—the *lofty banks* of the river, and its *mazy course* ; both which are accurately observed by the poet, when he describes the Wye, as *echoing* through its *winding bounds*†. It could not well *echo*, unless its banks were *lofty*.

---

† Pleas'd Vaga echoes thro' its winding bounds,  
And rapid Severn hoarse applause resounds.

Pope's Eth. Ep.

Every

From these two circumstances the views it exhibits, are of the most elegant kind of perspective; free from the formality of lines.

Every view on a river, thus circumstanced, is composed of four grand parts; the *area*, which is the river itself; the *two side-screens*, which are the opposite banks, and mark the perspective; and the *front-screen*, which points out the winding of the river.

If the Wye ran, like a Dutch canal, between parallel banks, there could be no front-screen: the two side-screens, in that situation, would lengthen to a point.

If a road were under the circumstance of a river winding like the Wye, the effect would be the same. But this is rarely the case. The road pursues the irregularity of the country. It climbs the hill; and sinks into the valley: and this irregularity gives the views it exhibits, a different character.

But the views on the Wye; though composed only of these *simple parts*, are yet *infinitely varied*.

They are varied, first, by the *contrast of the screens*. Sometimes one of the side-screens is elevated; sometimes

times the other; and sometimes the front. Or both the side-screens may be lofty; and the front either high, or low.

Again, they are varied by the *folding of the side-screens over each other*; and hiding more or less of the front. When none of the front is discovered, the folding-side either winds round, like an amphitheatre ‡; or it becomes a long reach of perspective.

These *simple* variations admit still farther variety from becoming *complex*. One of the sides may be compounded of various parts; while the other remains simple: or both may be compounded; and the front simple: or the front alone may be compounded.

Besides these sources of variety, there are other circumstances, which, under the name of *ornaments*, still farther increase them. *Plain* banks will admit all the variations we have yet mentioned: but when this *plainness* is *adorned*, a thousand other varieties arise.

‡ The word *amphitheatre*, strictly speaking, is a complete inclosure: but, I believe, it is commonly accepted, as here, for any circular piece of architecture, though it do not wind *entirely* round.

The *ornaments* of the Wye may be ranged under four heads—*ground*—*wood*—*rocks*—and *buildings*.

The *ground*, of which the banks of the Wye consists, (and which hath thus far been considered only in its *general effect*,) affords every variety, which ground is capable of receiving; from the steepest precipice, to the flattest meadow. This variety appears in the line formed by the summits of the banks; in the swellings, and excavations of their declivities; and in the unequal surfaces of the lower grounds.

In many places also the ground is *broken*; which adds new sources of variety. By *broken ground*, we mean only such ground, as hath lost its turf, and discovers the naked soil. Often you see a gravelly earth shivering from the hills, and shelving down their sides in the form of water-falls: or perhaps you see dry, stony channels, guttering down precipices; the rough beds of temporary torrents. And sometimes so trifling a cause, as the rubbing of sheep against the sides of little banks, or hillocks, will often occasion very beautiful breaks.

The *colour* too of the broken soil is a great source of variety; the yellow, or the red oker; the ashy grey;

grey; the black earth; or the marley blue. And the intermixtures of these with patches of verdure, blooming heath, and other vegetable tints, still increase that variety.

Nor let the fastidious reader think, these remarks descend too much into detail. Were an extensive distance described, a forest-scene, a sea-coast view, a vast semicircular range of broken mountains, or some other grand display of nature, it would be trifling to mark these minute circumstances. But here the hills around exhibit little, except foregrounds; and it is necessary, where we have no distances, to be more exact in finishing objects at hand.

The next great ornament on the banks of the Wye, are its *woods*. In this country there are many works carried on by fire; and the woods being maintained for their use, are periodically cut down. As the larger trees are generally left, a kind of alternacy takes place: what is, this year, a thicket; may, the next, be an open grove. The woods themselves possess little beauty, and less grandeur; yet, as we consider them as the *ornamental*, not as the *essential* parts, of a scene, the eye must not examine them with exactness; but compound for a *general effect*.

One circumstance, attending this alternacy, is pleasing. Many of the furnaces, on the banks of the river, consume charcoal, which is manufactured on the spot; and the smoke, which is frequently seen issuing from the sides of the hills; and spreading its thin veil over a part of them, beautifully breaks their lines, and unites them with the sky.

The chief deficiency, in point of wood, is of large trees on the *edge of the water*; which, clumped here and there, would diversify the hills, as the eye passes them; and remove that heaviness, which always, in some degree, (though here as little as possible) arises from the continuity of ground. They would also give distance to the more removed parts; which, in a scene like this, would have peculiar advantage: for as we have here so little distance, we wish to make the most of what we have.—But trees *immediately on the foreground* cannot be suffered in these scenes; as they would obstruct the navigation of the river.

The *rocks*, which are continually starting through the woods, produce another *ornament on the banks of the Wye*. The rock, as all other objects, though more than all, receives its chief beauty from contrast. Some objects are beautiful in themselves.

The

The eye is pleased with the tuftings of a tree: it is amused with pursuing the eddying stream; or it rests with delight on the shattered arches of a Gothic ruin. Such objects, independent of composition, are beautiful in themselves. But the rock, bleak, naked, and unadorned, seems scarcely to deserve a place among them. Tint it with mosses, and lychens of various hues, and you give it a degree of beauty. Adorn it with shrubs, and hanging herbage, and you still make it more picturesque. Connect it with wood, and water, and broken ground; and you make it in the highest degree interesting. Its colour, and its form are so accommodating, that it generally blends into one of the most beautiful appendages of landscape.

Different kinds of rocks have different degrees of beauty. Those on the Wye, which are of a greyish colour, are in general, simple, and grand; rarely formal, or fantastic. Sometimes they project in those beautiful square masses, yet broken and shattered in every line, which is the characteristic of the most majestic species of rock. Sometimes they slant obliquely from the eye in shelving diagonal strata: and sometimes they appear in large masses of smooth stone, detached from each other, and half buried in the soil. Rocks of this latter kind are the most lumpy, and the least picturesque.

The

The various *buildings*, which arise every where on the banks of the Wye, form the last of its *ornaments*; abbeys, castles, villages, spires, forges, mills, and bridges. One or other of these venerable vestiges of the past, or cheerful habitations of the present times, characterize almost every scene.

These *works of art* are however of much greater use in *artificial*, than in *natural* landscape. In pursuing the beauties of nature, we range at large among forests, lakes, rocks, and mountains. The various scenes we meet with, furnish an inexhausted source of pleasure. And though the works of art may often give animation and contrast to these scenes; yet still they are not necessary. We can be amused without them. But when we introduce a scene on canvas—when the eye is to be confined within the frame of a picture, and can no longer range among the varieties of nature; the aids of art become more necessary; and we want the castle, or the abbey, to give consequence to the scene. And indeed the landscape-painter seldom thinks his view perfect, without characterizing it by some object of this kind.

## S E C T. III.

HAVING thus analyzed the Wye, and considered separately its constituent parts—the *steepness* of its banks—its *mazy* course—the *ground*, *woods*, and *rocks*, which are its native ornaments—and the *buildings*, which still farther adorn its natural beauties; we shall now take a view of some of those delightful scenes, which result from the *combination* of all the picturesque materials.

I must however premise, how ill-qualified I am to do justice to the banks of the Wye, were it only from having seen them under the circumstance of a continued rain; which began early in the day, before one third of our voyage was performed.

It is true, scenery *at hand* suffers less under such a circumstance, than scenery *at a distance*; which it totally obscures.

The picturesque eye also, in quest of beauty, finds it almost in every incident, and under every

ap-

appearance of nature. Her works, and all her works, must ever, in some degree, be beautiful. Even the rain gave a gloomy grandeur to many of the scenes; and by throwing a veil of obscurity over the removed banks of the river, introduced, now and then, something like a pleasing distance. Yet still it hid greater beauties; and we could not help regretting the loss of those broad lights, and deep shadows, which would have given so much lustre to the whole; and which, ground like this, is in a peculiar manner adapted to receive.

The first part of the river from Ross, is tame. The banks are low; and there is scarce an object worth attention, except the ruins of *Wilton-castle*, which appear on the left, shrouded with a few trees. But the scene wants accompaniments to give it grandeur.

The bank however soon began to swell on the right, and was richly adorned with wood. We admired it much; and also the vivid images reflected from the water; which were continually disturbed, as we sailed past them; and thrown into tremulous confusion, by the dashing of our oars. A disturbed surface of water endeavouring to collect its scattered images; and restore them to order, is among the *pretty* appearances of nature.

We





We met with nothing, for some time, during our voyage, but these grand woody banks; one rising behind another; appearing, and vanishing, by turns; as we doubled their several capes. But though no particular objects marked and characterized these different scenes; yet they afforded great variety of beautiful perspective views, as we wound round them; or stretched through the reaches, which they marked out along the river.

The channel of no river can be more decisively marked, than that of the Wye. *Who hath divided a water-course for the flowing of rivers?* saith the Almighty in that grand apostrophe to Job on the works of creation. The idea is happily illustrated here. A nobler *water-course* was never *divided* for any river, than this. Rivers, in general, pursue a devious course along the countries, through which they flow; and form a channel for themselves by constant fluxion. But, here and there, we see a channel marked out with such precision; that it appears as if originally intended only for the bed of a river.

After sailing four Miles from Ross, we came to *Goodrich-castle*; where a very grand view presented itself; and we rested on our oars to examine it. A reach of the river, forming a noble bay, is spread

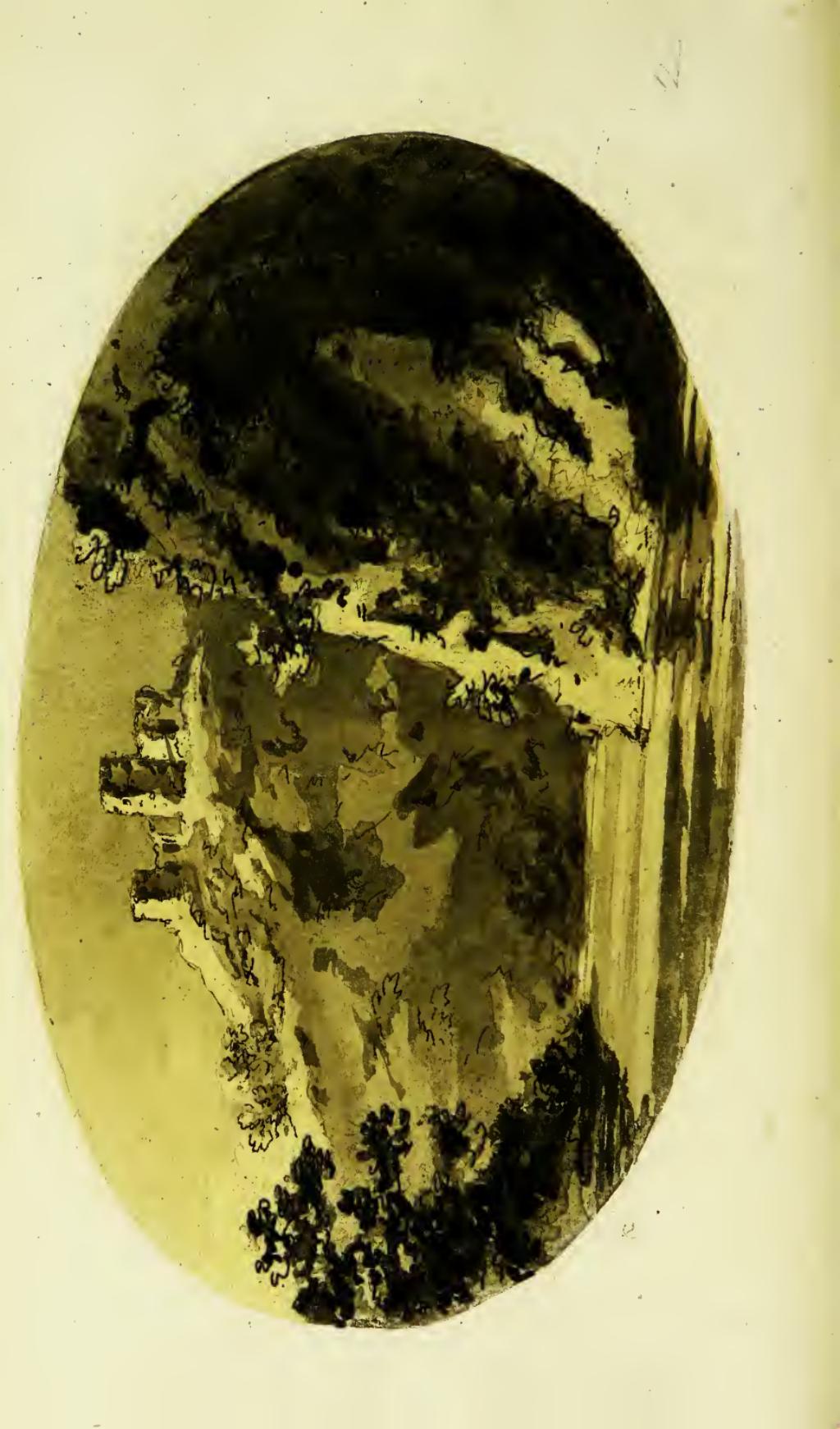
before the eye. The bank, on the right, is steep, and covered with wood; beyond which a bold promontory shoots out, crowned with a castle, rising among the trees.

This view, which is one of the grandest on the river, I should not scruple to call *correctly picturesque*; which is seldom the character of a purely natural scene.

Nature is always great in design; but unequal in composition. She is an admirable colourist; and can harmonize her tints with infinite variety, and inimitable beauty: but is seldom so correct in composition, as to produce an harmonious whole. Either the foreground, or the background, is disproportioned: or some awkward line runs across the piece: or a tree is ill-placed: or a bank is formal: or something, or other is not exactly what it should be. The case is, the immensity of nature is beyond human comprehension. She works on a *vast scale*; and, no doubt, harmoniously, if her schemes could be comprehended. The artist, in the mean time, is confined to a *span*. He lays down his little rules therefore, which he calls the *principles of picturesque beauty*, merely to adapt such diminutive parts of nature's surfaces to his own eye, as come within its scope.

Hence





Hence therefore, the painter, who adheres strictly to the *composition* of nature, will rarely make a good picture. His picture must contain *a whole*: his archetype is but *a part*.

In general however he may obtain views of such parts of nature, as with the addition of a few trees; or a little alteration in the foreground, (which is a liberty, that must always be allowed) may be adapted to his rules; though he is rarely so fortunate as to find a landscape completely satisfactory to him. In the scenery indeed at Goodrich-castle the parts are few; and the whole is a very simple exhibition. The complex scenes of nature are generally those, which the artist finds most refractory to the rules of composition.

In following the course of the Wye, which makes here one of its boldest sweeps, we were carried almost round the castle, surveying it in a variety of forms. Many of these prospects are good; but, in general, the castle loses, on this side, both its own dignity, and the dignity of its situation.

The views *from* the castle, were mentioned to us, as worth examining: but the rain was now set in, and would not permit us to land.

As we leave *Goodrich-castle*, the banks, on the left, which had hitherto contributed less to entertain us, began now principally to attract our attention; rearing themselves gradually into grand steeps; sometimes covered with thick woods; and sometimes forming vast concave slopes of mere verdure; unadorned, except here and there, by a stragling tree: while the flocks, which hung browning upon them, seen from the bottom, were diminished into white specks.

The view at *Rure-dean-church* unfolds itself next; which is a scene of great grandeur. Here, both sides of the river are steep, and both woody; but in one the woods are intermixed with rocks. The deep umbrage of the forest of Dean occupies the front; and the spire of the church rises among the trees. The reach of the river, which exhibits this scene, is long; and, of course, the view, which is a noble piece of natural perspective, continues some time before the eye: but when the spire comes directly in front, the grandeur of the landscape is gone.

The *stone-quarries*, on the right, from which the bridge of Bristol was built; and, on the left, the furnaces of *Bishop's-wood*, vary the scene, though of no great importance in themselves.

For

For some time, both sides of the river continue steep and beautiful. No particular object indeed characterizes either; but nature always characterizes her own scenes. We admire the infinite variety, with which she *shapes* and *adorns* these vast concave, and convex forms. We admire also that *varied touch*, with which she expresses every object.

Here we see one great distinction between *her* painting, and that of all her *copyists*. Artists universally are *mannerists* in a certain degree. Each has his particular mode of forming particular objects. His rocks, his trees, his figures are cast in one mould: at least they possess only a *varied sameness*. Rubens's figures are all full-fed; Salvator's, spare, and long-legged. The artist also discovers as little variety in filling up the surfaces of bodies, as he does in delineating their forms. You see the same touch, or something like it, universally prevail, though applied to different objects.

In every part of painting, except execution, an artist may be assisted by the labours of those, who have gone before him. He may improve his skill in composition, in light and shade, in perspective, in grace and elegance; that is, in all the scientific parts

parts of his art: but with regard to execution, he must set up on his own stock. A *mannerist*, I fear, he must be. If he get a manner of his own, he *may* be an agreeable *mannerist*: but if he copy another's, he *will certainly* be a formal one. The more closely he copies nature, the better chance he has of being free from this general defect.

At *Lidbroke* is a large wharf, where coals are shipped for *Hereford*, and other places. Here the scene is new, and pleasing. All has thus far been grandeur, and tranquillity. It is now life, and bustle. A road runs diagonally along the bank; and horses, and carts appear passing to the small vessels, which lie against the wharf, to receive their burdens. Close behind, a rich, woody hill hangs sloping over the wharf, and forms a grand background to the whole. The contrast of all this business, the engines used in lading, and unlading, together with the solemnity of the scene, produce all together a picturesque assemblage. The sloping hill is the front-screen; the two side-screens are low.

The front soon becomes a lofty side-screen on the left; and sweeping round the eye at *Welsb-Bicknor*, forms a noble amphitheatre. At

At *Cold-well*, the front-screen first appears as a woody hill, swelling to a point. In a few minutes, it changes its shape, and the woody hill becomes a lofty side-screen, on the right; while the front unfolds itself into a majestic piece of rock-scenery.

Here we should have gone on shore, and walked to the *New-Weir*, which by land is only a mile; though, by water, I believe it is three times as far. This walk would have afforded us, we were informed, some very noble river-views: Nor should we have lost any thing by relinquishing the water.

The whole of this information we should probably have found true; if the weather would have permitted us to have profited by it. The latter part of it was certainly well-founded: for the water-views, in this part, were very tame. We left the rocks, and precipices behind; exchanging them for low-banks, and sedges.

But the grand scenery soon returned. We approached it however gradually. The views at *White-church* were an introduction to it. Here we sailed through a long reach of hills; whose sloping sides were covered with large, lumpish, detached stones; which seemed, in a course of years, to have rolled from a girdle of rocks, that surrounds the upper

upper regions of these high grounds on both sides of the river; but particularly on the left.

From these rocks we soon approached the *New-Weir*; which may be called the second grand scene on the Wye.

The river is wider, than usual, in this part; and takes a sweep round a towering promontory of rock; which forms the side-screen on the left; and is the grand feature of the view. It is not a broad, fractured face of rock; but rather a woody hill, from which large projections; in two or three places, burst out; rudely hung with twisting branches, and shaggy furniture; which, like mane round the lion's head, gives a more savage air to these wild exhibitions of nature. Near the top a pointed fragment of solitary rock, rising above the rest; has rather a fantastic appearance: but it is not without its effect in marking the scene.

A great master in landscape has adorned an imaginary view with a circumstance exactly similar:

Stabat acuta filex, præcisus undiq; faxis,  
— dorso insurgens, altissima visu,  
Dirarum nidis domus opportuna volucrum,  
— prona jugo, levum incumbebat ad amnem\*:

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\* *Æd. VIII. 233.*





On the right side of the river, the bank forms a woody amphitheatre, following the course of the stream round the promontory. Its lower skirts are adorned with a hamlet; in the midst of which, volumes of thick smoke, thrown up at intervals, from an iron-forge, as its fires receive fresh fuel, add double grandeur to the scene.

But what peculiarly marks this view, is a circumstance on the water. The whole river, at this place, makes a precipitate fall; of no great height indeed; but enough to merit the title of a cascade: though to the eye above the stream, it is an object of no consequence. In all the scenes we had yet passed, the water moving with a flow, and solemn pace, the objects around kept time, as it were, with it; and every steep, and every rock, which hung over the river, was solemn, tranquil, and majestic. But here, the violence of the stream, and the roaring of the waters, impressed a new character on the scene: all was agitation, and uproar; and every steep, and every rock stared with wildness, and terror.

A fishing-boat is used in this part of the river, which is curious. It is constructed of waxed canvas, stretched over a few slight ribs; and holds only a single man. It is called a *coricle*; and is derived

E pro-

probably, as its name imports, from the ancient boat, which was formed of *leather*.

An adventurous fellow, for a wager, once navigated a *coracle* as far as the Isle of Lundy, at the mouth of the Bristol-channel. A full fortnight, or more, he spent in this dangerous voyage ; and it was happy for him, that it was a fortnight of serene weather. Many a current, and many an eddy ; many a flowing tide, and many an ebbing one, afforded him occasion to exert all his skill, and dexterity. Sometimes his little bark was carried far to leeward ; and sometimes as far to windward : but still he recovered his course ; persevered in his undertaking ; and at length happily atchieved it. When he returned to the *New-Weir*, report says, the account of his expedition was received like a voyage round the world.

Below the *New-Weir* are other rocky views of the same kind, though less beautiful. But description flags in running over such a monotony of terms. *High, low, steep, woody, rocky*, and a few others, are all the colours of language we have, to describe scenes ; in which there are infinite gradations ; and, amidst some general sameness, infinite peculiarities.

After we had passed a few of these scenes, the hills gradually descend into Monmouth ; which lies

lies too low to make any appearance from the water: but on landing, we found it a pleasant town, and neatly built. The town-house, and church, are both handsome.

The transmutations of time are often ludicrous. Monmouth-castle was formerly the palace of a king; and birth-place of a mighty prince: it is now converted into a yard for fatting ducks.

The sun had set before we arrived at Monmouth. Here we met our chaise; but, on enquiry, finding a voyage more likely to produce amusement, than a journey, we made a new agreement with our bargemen, and embarked again, the next morning.

and the following morning, the author arrived at the  
station and found the two men still there, and the  
train had not yet arrived.

The author and his party were soon joined by the  
two men who had been waiting, and the party  
then started for the station, where they  
had been informed the train would be there.

On arrival at the station the author and his party  
were met by a man who had been waiting for them  
and who informed them that the train had been delayed  
by a heavy snow storm, and would not arrive until  
the next day.

## S E C T. IV.

As we left Monmouth, the banks, on the left, were, at first, low; but on both sides they soon grew steep, and woody; varying their shapes, as they had done the day before. The most beautiful of these scenes is in the neighbourhood of St. Breval's castle; where the vast, woody declivities, on each hand, are uncommonly magnificent. The castle is at too great a distance to make any object in the view.

The weather was now serene: the sun shone; and we saw enough of the effect of light, in the exhibitions of this day, to regret the want of it before.

During the whole course of our voyage from Ross, we had scarce seen one corn-field. The banks of the Wye consist, almost entirely either of wood, or of pasture; which I mention as a circumstance of peculiar value in landscape. Furrowed-lands, and waving-corn, however charming

in

in pastoral poetry, are ill-accommodated to painting. The painter never desires the hand of art to touch his grounds.—But if art *must* stray among them—if it *must* mark out the limits of property, and turn them to the uses of agriculture; he wishes, that these limits may be as much concealed as possible; and that the lands they circumscribe, may approach, as nearly as may be, to nature—that is, that they may be *pasturage*. *Pasturage* not only presents an agreeable surface: but the cattle, which graze it, add great variety, and animation to the scene.

The Meadows, below Monmouth, which run shelving from the hills to the water-side, were particularly beautiful, and well-inhabited. Flocks of sheep were every where hanging on their green steeps; and herds of cattle occupying the lower grounds. We often sailed past groups of them laving their sides in the water; or retiring from the heat under sheltered banks:

— vallem, amnemq; tenebant.

In this part of the river, which now begins to widen, we were often entertained with light vessels gliding past us. Their white sails passing along the sides of the hills were very picturesque.

In

In many places also the views were varied by the prospect of bays, and harbours in miniature; where little barks lay moored, taking in ore, and other commodities from the mountains. These vessels, designed plainly for rougher water, than they at present incountred, shewed us, without any geographical knowledge, that we approached the sea.

From Monmouth we reached, by a late breakfast-hour, the noble ruin of *Tintern-abbey*; which belongs to the Duke of Beaufort; and is esteemed, with its appendages, the most beautiful and picturesque view on the river.

Castles, and abbeys have different situations, agreeable to their respective uses. The castle, meant for defence, stands boldly on the hill: the abbey, intended for meditation, is hid in the sequestered vale.

*Ab! happy thou, if one superior rock  
Rear on its brow, the shivered fragment huge  
Of some old Norman fortress: happier far,  
Ah then most happy, if thy vale below  
Wash, with the crystal coolness of its rills,  
Some mould'ring abbey's ivy-vested wall.*

Such

Such is the situation of *Tintern-abbey*. It occupies a gentle eminence in the middle of a circular valley, beautifully screened on all sides by woody hills; through which the river winds its course; and the hills, closing on its entrance, and on its exit, leave no room for inclement blasts to enter. A more pleasing retreat could not easily be found. The woods, and glades intermixed; the winding of the river; the variety of the ground; the splendid ruin, contrasted with the objects of nature; and the elegant line formed by the summits of the hills, which include the whole; make all together a very enchanting piece of scenery. Every thing around breathes an air so calm, and tranquil; so sequestered from the commerce of life, that it is easy to conceive, a man of warm imagination, in monkish times, might have been allured by such a scene to become an inhabitant of it.

No part of the ruins of *Tintern* is seen from the river, except the abbey-church. It has been an elegant Gothic pile; but it does not make that appearance as a *distant* object, which we expected. Though the parts are beautiful, the whole is ill-shaped. No ruins of the tower are left, which might give form, and contrast to the walls, and buttresses, and other inferior parts. Instead of this,





this, a number of gabel-ends hurt the eye with their regularity; and disgust it by the vulgarity of their shape. A mallet judiciously used (but who durst use it?) might be of service in fracturing some of them; particularly those of the cross isles, which are not only disagreeable in themselves, but confound the perspective.

But were the building ever so beautiful, incompassed as it is with shabby houses, it could make no appearance from the river. From a stand near the road, it is seen to more advantage.

But if *Tintern-abby* be less striking as a *distant* object, it exhibits, on a *nearer* view, (when the whole together cannot be seen, but the eye settles on some of its nobler parts,) a very enchanting piece of ruin. Nature has now made it her own. Time has worn off all traces of the rule: it has blunted the sharp edges of the chissel; and broken the regularity of opposing parts. The figured ornaments of the east-window are gone; those of the west-window are left. Most of the other windows, with their principal ornaments, remain.

To these are superadded the ornaments, of time. Ivy, in masses uncommonly large, has taken possession of many parts of the wall; and gives a happy contrast to the grey-coloured stone, of which

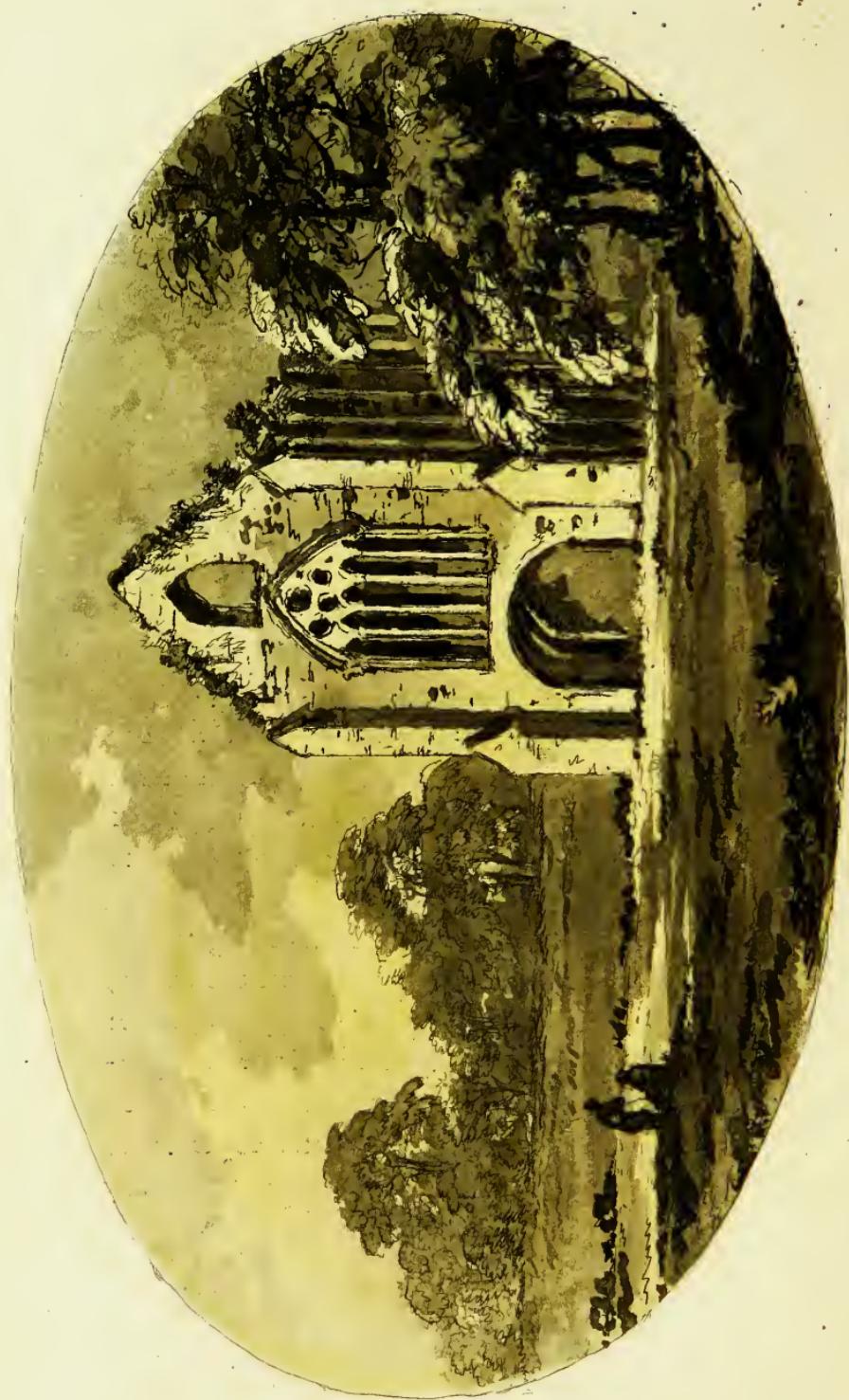
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the building is composed. Nor is this undecorated. Mosses of various hues, with lichens, maidenhair, penny-leaf, and other humble plants, overspread the surface; or hang from every joint, and crevice. Some of them were in flower, others only in leaf; but, all together, they give those full-blown tints, which add the richest finishing to a ruin.

Such is the beautiful appearance, which Tintern-abbey exhibits on the *outside*, in those parts, where we can obtain a near view of it. But when we *enter it*, we see it in most perfection: at least, if we consider it as an independent object, unconnected with landscape. The roof is gone: but the walls, and pillars, and abutments, which supported it, are intire. A few of the pillars indeed have given way; and here, and there, a piece of the facing of the wall: but in correspondent parts, one always remains to tell the story. The pavement is obliterated: the elevation of the choir is no longer visible: the whole area is reduced to one level; cleared of rubbish; and covered with neat turf, closely shorn; and interrupted with nothing, but the noble columns, which formed the isles, and supported the tower.

When we stood at one end of this awful piece of ruin; and surveyed the whole in one view—the ele-





elements of air, and earth, its only covering, and pavement; and the grand, and venerable remains, which terminated both—perfect enough to form the perspective; yet broken enough to destroy the regularity; the eye was, above measure delighted with the beauty, the greatness, and the novelty of the scene. More picturesque it certainly would have been, if the area, unadorned, had been left with all its rough fragments of ruin scattered round; and bold was the hand that removed them: yet as the outside of the ruin, which is the chief object of *picturesque curiosity*, is still left in all its wild, and native rudeness; we excuse—perhaps we approve—the neatness, that is introduced within. It *may* add to the *beauty* of the scene—to its *novelty* it undoubtedly *does*.

Among other things in this scene of desolation, the poverty and wretchedness of the inhabitants were remarkable. They occupy little huts, raised among the ruins of the monastery; and seem to have no employment, but begging: as if a place, once devoted to indolence, could never again become the seat of industry. As we left the abbey, we found the whole hamlet at the gate, either openly soliciting alms; or covertly, under the pretence of carrying us to some part of the ruins, which each could shew; and which was far superior to

any thing, which could be shewn by any one else. The most lucrative occasion could not have excited more jealousy, and contention.

One poor woman we followed, who had engaged to shew us the monk's library. She could scarce crawl; shuffling along her palsied limbs, and meagre, contracted body, by the help of two sticks. She led us, through an old gate, into a place overspread with nettles, and briars; and pointing to the remnant of a shattered cloister, told us, that was the place. It was her own mansion. All indeed she meant to tell us, was the story of her own wretchedness; and all she had to shew us, was her own miserable habitation. We did not expect to be interested: but we found we were. I never saw so loathsome a human dwelling. It was a cavity, loftily vaulted, between two ruined walls; which streamed with various-coloured stains of unwholesome dews. The floor was earth; yielding, through moisture, to the tread. Not the merest utensil, or furniture of any kind, appeared, but a wretched bedstead, spread with a few rags, and drawn into the middle of the cell, to prevent its receiving the damp, which trickled down the walls. At one end was an aperture; which served just to let in light enough to discover the wretchedness within.—When we stood in the midst of this cell of misery; and felt the chilling damps, which struck

struck us in every direction, we were rather surprised, that the wretched inhabitant was still alive; than that she had only lost the use of her limbs.

The country about *Tintern-abby* hath been described as a solitary, tranquil scene: but its immediate environs only are meant. Within half a mile of it are carried on great iron-works; which introduce noise and bustle into these regions of tranquillity.

The ground, about these works, appears from the river to consist of grand woody hills, sweeping, and intersecting each other, in elegant lines. They are a continuation of the same kind of landscape, as that about *Tintern-abby*; and are fully equal to it.

As we still descend the river, the same scenery continues. The banks are equally steep, winding, and woody; and in some parts diversified by prominent rocks, and ground finely broken, and adorned.

But one great disadvantage began here to invade us. Hitherto the river had been clear, and splendid; reflecting the several objects on its banks.

But

But its waters now became ouzy, and discoloured. Sludgy banks too appeared, on each side; and other symptoms, which discovered the influence of a tide.

S E C T.

## S E C T. V.

**M**R. Morris's improvements at Persfield, which we soon approached, are generally thought as much worth a traveller's notice, as any thing on the banks of the Wye. We pushed on shore close under his rocks; and the tide being at ebb, we landed with some difficulty on an ouzy beach. One of our bargemen, who knew the place, served as a guide; and under his conduct we climbed the steep by an easy, regular zig-zag; and gained the top.

The eminence, on which we stood, (one of those grand eminences, which overlooks the Wye,) is an intermixture of rock, and wood; and forms, in this place, a concave semicircle; sweeping round in a segment of two miles. The river winds under it; and the scenery, of course, is shewn in various directions. The river itself indeed, as we just observed, is charged with the impurities of the soil it washes; and when it ebbs, its verdant banks become slopes of mud: but if we except these disadvantages, the situation of Persfield is noble.

Little

Little indeed was left for improvement, but to open walks, and views, through the woods, to the various objects around them. All this the ingenious proprietor hath done with great judgment; and hath shewn his rocks, his woods, and his precipices, under various forms; and to great advantage. Sometimes a broad face of rock is presented, stretching along a vast space, like the walls of a citadel. Sometimes it is broken by intervening trees. In other parts, the rocks rise above the woods; a little farther, they sink below them: sometimes, they are seen through them; and sometimes one series of rocks appears rising above another: and though many of these objects are repeatedly seen, yet seen with new accompaniments; they appear new. The winding of the precipice is the magical secret, by which all these enchanting scenes are produced.

We cannot however call these views picturesque. They are either presented from too high a point; or they have little to mark them as characteristic; or they do not fall into such composition, as would appear to advantage on canvas. But they are extremely romantic; and give a loose to the most pleasing riot of imagination.

These





These views are chiefly shewn from different stands in a close walk, carried along the brow of the precipice. It would be invidious perhaps to remark a degree of tediousness in this walk; and too much sameness in many of the views; notwithstanding the general variety, which inlivens them: but the intention probably is not yet complete; and many things are meant to be hid, which are now too profusely shewn\*.

Having seen every thing on this side of the hill, the walks we pursued, led us over the ridge of it to the opposite side. Here the ground, depositing its wild appearance, assumes a more civilized form. It consists of a great variety of lawns, intermixed with wood, and some rocks; and, though it often rises, and falls, yet it descends without any violence into the country beyond it.

The views, on this side, are not the romantic steepes of the Wye: but though of another species, they are equally grand. They are chiefly distances; consisting of the vast waters of the Severn, here an arm of the sea; bounding a remote country—of

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\* As it is twelve years, since these remarks were made, many alterations have probably, since that time, taken place.

the mouth of the Wye entering the Severn — and of the town of Chepstow, and its castle, and abbey. Of all these distant objects an admirable use is made; and they are shewn, (as the rocks of the Wye were on the other side) sometimes in parts; and sometimes all together. In one station we had the scenery of both sides of the hill at once.

It is a pity, the ingenious embellisher of these scenes could not have been satisfied with the grand beauties of nature, which he commanded. The shrubberies he has introduced in this part of his improvements, I fear, will rather be esteemed paltry. As the embellishments of a house; or as the ornament of little scenes, which have nothing better to recommend them, a few flowering shrubs may have their elegance and beauty: but in scenes, like this, they are only splendid patches, which injure the grandeur, and simplicity of the whole.

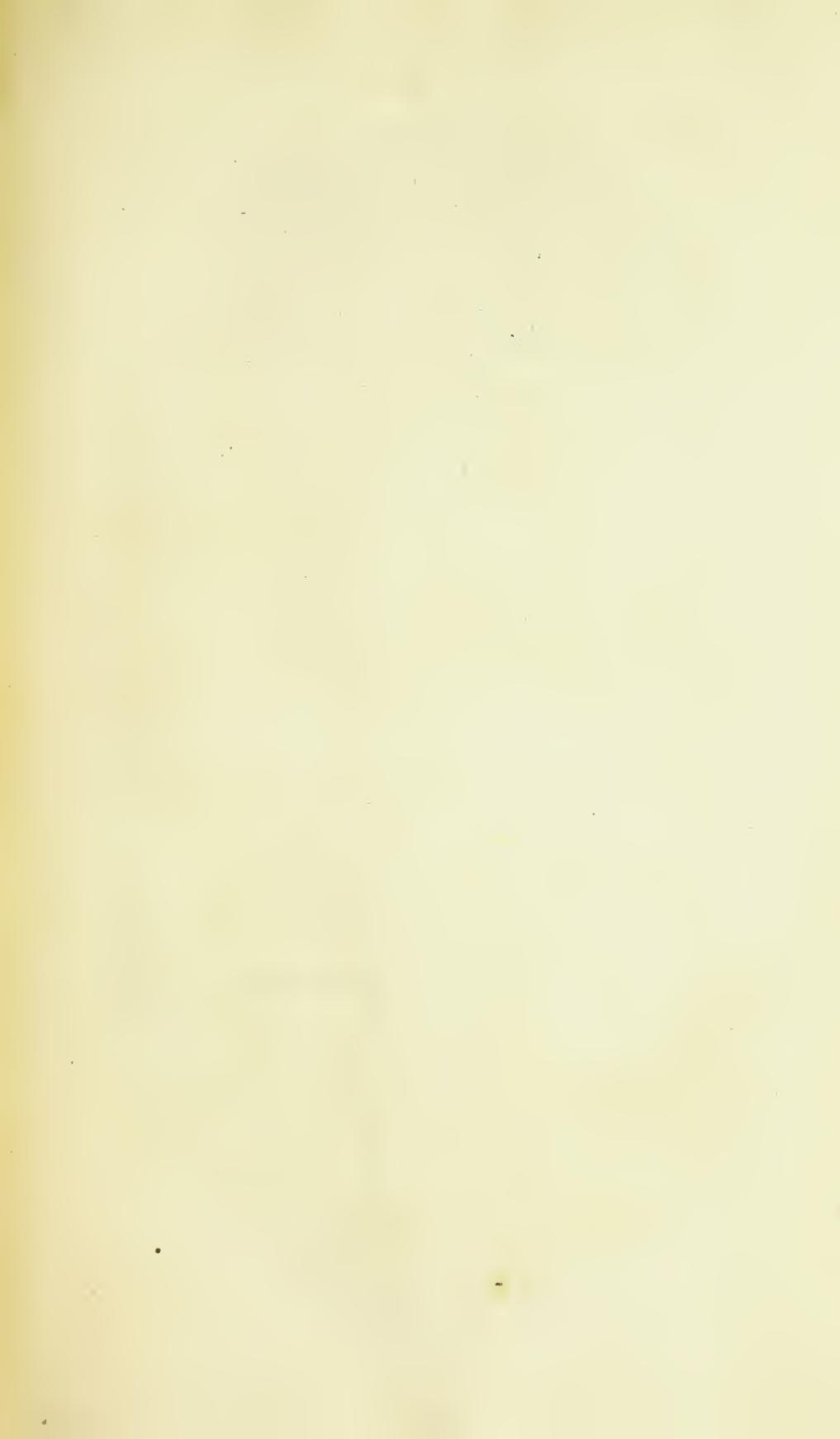
————— Fortasse cupressum

Scis simulare: quid hoc? —————

————— Sit quidvis simplex duntaxat et unum.

It is not the shrub, which offends: it is the *formal introduction* of it. Wild underwood may be an appendage of the grandest scene. It is a beautiful appendage. A bed of violets, or lillies may enamel the ground, with propriety, at the root of

an



landscape—at least in the *apparent* composition of it, that they create a scene perfectly new. In distance especially this is the case. Hills and valleys are deranged: awkward abruptnesses, and hollows are introduced: and the effect of woods, and castles, and all the ornamental detail of a country, is lost. On the other hand, these ingredients of landscape may in reality be awkwardly introduced; but through the magical influence of light, they may be altered, softened, and rendered pleasing.

In a mountainous country particularly, I have often seen, during the morning hours, a range of hills, rearing their summits, in ill-disposed, fantastic shapes. In the afternoon, all this incorrect rudeness has been removed; and each mishapen summit hath softened beautifully into some pleasing form.

The different seasons of the year also produce the same effect. When the sun rides high in summer; and when, in the same meridian, he just skirts the horizon in winter, he forms the mountain-tops, and indeed the whole face of a country, into very different appearances.

Fogs also vary a distant country as much as light, softening the harsh features of landscape; and spreading over them a beautiful, grey, harmonizing tint.

We remark further, on this subject, that scarce any landscape will stand the test of *different lights*. Some searching ray, as the sun veers round, will expose its defects. And hence it is, that almost *every* landscape is seen best under *some peculiar illumination*—either of an evening, or of a morning sun; or, it may be, of noon-day.

During many miles we kept upon the heights; and, through a long, and gentle descent, approached Monmouth. Before we reached it we were benighted: but as far as we could judge of a country through the grey obscurity of a summer-evening, this seemed to abound with many beautiful, woody vallies, among the hills, which we descended. A light of this kind, though not so favourable to landscape, is very favourable to the imagination. This active power embodies half-formed images; and gives existence to the most illusive scenes. These it rapidly combines; and often composes landscapes, perhaps more beautiful, than any, that exist in nature. They are formed indeed from nature—from the most beautiful of her scenes; and having been treasured up in the memory, are called into these imaginary creations by some distant resemblances, which strike the eye in the multiplicity of evanid surfaces, that float before it.

S E C T.





8



## S E C T. VI.

FROM Monmouth to Abergavenny, by Ragland-castle, the road is a good stone causeway; (as the roads, in these parts, commonly are;) and leads through a pleasant, inclosed country; discovering, on each side, extensive views of rich cultivation.

*Ragland-castle* seemed to stand, (as we saw it from the heights) in a rich vale: but as we descended, it took an elevated station. It is a large, and very noble ruin; though more perfect than ruins of this kind commonly are. It contains two areas within the ditch; into each of which you enter by a very large, and deep gateway.

The buildings, which circumscribe the first area, consist of the kitchen, and offices. It is amusing to hear stories of ancient hospitality. “Here are “the remains of an oven,” said our conductor, “which was large enough to bake a whole ox; and “of a fire-range, wide enough to roast him.”

The

The grand hall, or banqueting-room, a large and lofty apartment, forms the screen between the two areas; and is perfect, except the roof. The music-gallery may be distinctly traced; and the butteries, which divide the hall from a parlour. Near the hall is shewn a narrow chapel.

On viewing the comparative size of halls and chapels in old castles, one can hardly, at first, avoid observing, that the founders of these ancient structures supposed, a much greater number of people would meet together to feast, than to pray. And yet we may perhaps account for the thing, without calling in question the piety of our ancestors. The hall was meant to regale a whole country; while the chapel was intended only for the private use of the inhabitants of the castle.

The whole area of the first inclosure, is vaulted, and contains cellars, dungeons, and other subterraneous apartments.—The buildings of the second area are confined merely to chambers.

Near the castle stands the citadel, a large octagonal tower; two or three sides of which are still remaining. This tower is incircled by a separate moat; and was formerly joined to the castle by a draw-bridge.

Rag-









Ragland-castle owes its present picturesque form to Cromwell; who laid his iron hands upon it; and shattered it into ruin. A window is still shewn, through which a girl in the garrison, by waving a handkerchief, introduced his troops.

From Ragland-castle the views are still extensive, the roads inclosed, and the country rich. The distances are skirted by the Brecknac-hills; among which the *sugar-loaf* makes a remarkable appearance.

The Brecknac-hills are little more, than gentle swellings, cultivated to the top. For many miles they kept their station in a distant range on each side. But, by degrees, they began to close in; approximating more and more; and leaving in front, a narrow pass between them; through which an extensive country appeared. Through this pass, we hoped, the progress of our road would lead us; as it seemed to open into a fair, and beautiful country.

It led us first to Abergavenny, a small town, which has formerly been fortified, lying under the hills. We approached it by the castle; of which nothing remains, but a few staring ruins.

H

From

From hence we were carried, as we expected, through the pass, which we had long observed at a distance. It opened into the vale of Usk.

The vale of Usk, is a delightful scene. The river, from whence it borrows its name, winds through the middle of it; and the hills, on both sides, were diversified with woods, and lawns. In many places, they were partially cultivated. We could distinguish little cottages, and farms, faintly traced along their shadowy sides; which, at such a distance, rather varied, and enriched the scene; than impressed it with any regular, and unpleasing shapes.

Through this kind of road we passed many miles. The Usk continued, every where, our amusing companion; and if, at any time, it made a more devious curve, than usual, we were sure to meet it again, at the next turn. Our passage through the vale was still more inlivened by many little foaming rills, which crossed the road (some of them so large, as to make bridges necessary,) and two ruined castles; with which, at proper intervals, the country is adorned.

After leaving the latter of them, called Tretower-castle, we mounted some high grounds; which gave





gave a variety to the scene, though not so picturesque an exhibition of it. Here the road brought us in view of *Langor's-pool*; which is no very inconsiderable lake. As we descended these heights, the Usk met us once more at the bottom, and conducted us into Brecknac.

*Brecknac* is a very romantic place, abounding with broken grounds, torrents, dismantled towers, and ruins of every kind. I have seen few places, where a landscape-painter might get a collection of better ideas. The castle has once been large; and is still a ruin of dignity. It is easy to trace the main body, the citadel, and all the parts of ancient fortification.

In many places indeed these works are too much ruined, even for picturesque use. Yet, ruined as they are, as far as they go, they are very amusing. The arts of modern fortification are ill calculated for the purposes of landscape. The angular, and formal works of Vauban, and Cohorn, when it comes to their turn to be superseded by works of superior invention, will make a poor figure in the annals of picturesque beauty. No eye will ever be delighted with their ruins: while not the least fragment of a British or a Norman castle exists, that is not surveyed with delight.

But the most beautiful scenery we saw at Brecknoc, is about the abbey. We had a view of it, though but a transient view, from a little bridge in the neighbourhood. There we saw a sweet limpid stream, glistening over a bed of pebbles; and forming two or three cascades, as it hurried to the bridge. It issued from a wood, with which its banks were beautifully hung. Amidst the gloom arose the venerable remains of the abbey, tinged with a bright ray, which discovered a profusion of rich Gothic workmanship; and contrasted the grey stone, of which the ruins are composed, with the feathering foliage, that floated round them: but we had not time to examine, how all these beauteous parts were formed into a whole.—The imagination formed it, after the vision vanished. But though it might possibly create a *whole*, more agreeable to the rules of painting; yet it could scarce do justice to the beauty of the *parts*.

From Brecknoc, in our road to Trecastle, we enter a country very different from the vale of Usk. This too is a vale: but nature has always some peculiar character, with which she marks even kindred scenes. The vale of Usk is almost one continued winding sweep. The road now played among a variety of hills. The whole seemed to

to consist of one great vale divided into a multiplicity of parts. All together, they wanted unity; but separately, afforded a number of those sweet passages, which, treasured up in the memory, become the ingredients of future landscapes.

Sometimes the road, instead of winding round the hills, took the shortest way over them. In general, they are cultivated, like those of the vale of Usk: but as the cultivation in many of them is brought too near the eye, it becomes rather offensive. Our best ideas were obtained from such, as were adorned with wood; and fell, in various forms, into the vallies below.

In these scenes we had lost the Usk, our sweet, playful companion in the vale: but other rivers of the same kind frequently met us, though they seldom continued long; disappearing in haste, and hiding themselves among the little, tufted recesses, at the bottom of the hills.

In general, the Welsh gentlemen, in these parts, seem fond of whitening their houses, which gives them a disagreeable glare. A *speck* of white is often beautiful; but white, in *profusion*, is, of all tints, the most inharmonious. A whitefeat, at the corner of a wood, or a few white cattle grazing in a meadow,

meadow, inliven a scene perhaps more, than if the seat, or the castle, had been of any other colour. They have meaning, and effect. But a front, and two staring wings; an extent of rails; a huge Chinese bridge; the tower of a church; and a variety of other large objects, which we often see daubed over with white, make a disagreeable appearance; and unite ill with the general simplicity of nature's colouring.

Nature never colours in this offensive way. Her surfaces are never white. The chalky cliff is the only permanent object of the kind, which she allows to be her's; and this seems rather a force upon her from the boisterous action of a furious element. But even here it is her constant endeavour to correct the offensive tint. She hangs her cliffs with samphire, and other marine plants; or she stains them with various hues; so as to remove, in part at least, the disgusting glare. The western end of the isle of Wight, called the Needle-cliffs, is a remarkable instance of this. These rocks are of a substance nearly resembling chalk: but nature has so reduced their unpleasant lustre by a variety of chastising tints, that in most lights they have even a beautiful effect. She is continually at work also, in the same manner, on the white cliffs about Dover; though her endeavours here are more counteracted by a greater exposure. But here, and in

in all other places, were it not for the intervention of foreign causes, she would in time throw her green mantle over every naked and exposed part of her surface.

In these remarks I mean only to insinuate, that *white* is a hue, which nature expunges from all her works, except in the touch of a flower, an animal, a cloud, a wave, or some other diminutive, or transient object; and that *her mode* of colouring should always be the model of *our's*.

In animadverting however on *white objects*, I would only censure the mere *raw tint*. It may easily be corrected, and turned into stone-colours of various hues; which, though light, if not too light, may often have a good effect.

Mr. Lock, who did me the favour to overlook these papers, made some remarks on this part of my subject, which are so new, and so excellent, that I cannot, without impropriety, take the credit of them myself.

“ White offers a more extended scale of light,  
 “ and shadow, than any other colour, when near;  
 “ and is more susceptible of the predominant tint  
 “ of the air, when distant. The transparency of  
 “ its shadows, (which in near objects partake so  
 “ little

“ little of darkness, that they are rather second  
 “ lights) discover, without injuring the principal  
 “ light, all the details of surfaces.

“ I partake however of your general dislike to the  
 “ colour; and though I have seen a very *splendid*  
 “ *effect* from an *accidental light* on a white object;  
 “ yet I think it a hue, which oftener injures, than  
 “ it improves the scene. It particularly disturbs  
 “ the air in its office of graduating distances; shews  
 “ objects nearer, than they really are; and by  
 “ pressing them on the eye, often gives them an  
 “ importance, which from their form, and situa-  
 “ tion, they are not intitled to.

“ The white of snow is so active, and refractory,  
 “ as to resist the discipline of every harmonizing  
 “ principle. I think I never saw Mont Blanc, and  
 “ the range of snows, which run through Savoy, in  
 “ union with the rest of the landscape, except when  
 “ they were tinged by the rays of the rising, and  
 “ setting sun; or participated of some other tint  
 “ of the surrounding sky. In the clear, and co-  
 “ lourless days so frequent in that country, the  
 “ Glaciers are always out of tune.”

## S E C T. VII.

FROM Trecastle we ascended a steep of three miles; which the country people call a *pitch*. It raised us to a level with the neighbouring hills; whose rugged summits formed all the landscape we had. No sweet views into the vallies below presented themselves. All around was wild, and barren.

From these heights we descended gently, through a space of seven miles. As we approached the bottom, we saw, at a distance, the town of Llanddover, seated in the meadows below, at the conflux of several rivulets. Unadorned with wood, it made only a naked appearance: but light wreaths of smoke, rising from it in several parts, shewed that it was inhabited: While a ray of the setting sun singled it out among the objects of the vale; and gave it some little consequence in the landscape. As we descended into it, its importance increased. We were met by an old castle, which

I had

had formerly defended it, though nothing remains, except the ruins of the citadel.

Llandovery stands at the entrance of the vale of Towy; which, like other vales, receives its name from the river, that winds through it. This delightful scene opened before us, as we left Llandovery, in our way to Llandilo; which stands about twelve miles lower in the vale.

The vale of Towy is still less a scene of cultivation than that of Usk. The woodland views are more frequent; and the whole more wild, and simple. The scenery seems precisely of that kind, with which a great master in landscape was formerly enamoured.

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Juvat arva videre  
Non rastris hominum, non ulli obnoxia curæ,  
Rura mihi, & rigui placeant in vallibus amnes;  
Flumina amem, sylvasq; —————

In this vale, the river Towy, though it frequently met us, and always kept near us; yet did not so constantly appear, and bear us such close company, as the Usk had done before. Some heights too we ascended; but such heights as were only proper stands, from whence we viewed in greater perfection the enchanting beauties of the vale.

This

This is the scene, which Dyer celebrated, in his poem of *Grongar-hill*. Dyer was bred a painter; and had here a picturesque subject: but he does not give us so fine a landscape, as might have been expected. We have no where a complete, formed distance; though it is the great idea suggested by such a vale as this: no where any touches of that beautiful obscurity, which melts a variety of objects into one rich whole. Here and there, we have a few *accidental* strokes, which belong to distance; though seldom masterly\*: I call them *accidental*; because they are not employed in producing a landscape; nor do they in fact unite in any such idea; but are rather introductory to some

\* As where he describes the beautiful form which removed cultivation takes :

How close and small the hedges lie !  
What streaks of meadow cross the eye !

Or a distant spire seen by sun-set :

Rising from the woods the spire  
Seems from far, ascending fire.

Or the aerial view of a distant hill :

yon summits soft and fair  
Clad in colours of the air ;  
Which to those, who journey near,  
Barren, brown, and rough appear.

moral sentiment; which, however good in itself, is here forced, and mistimed.

*Dinevawr-castle*, which stands about a mile from Llandilo, and the scenery around it, were the next objects of our curiosity. This castle is seated on one of the sides of the vale of Towy; where it occupies a bold eminence, richly adorned with wood. It was used, not long ago, as a mansion; but Mr. Rice, the proprietor of it, has built a handsome house in his park, about a mile from the castle; which, however, he still preserves, as one of the greatest ornaments of his place.

This castle also is taken notice of by Dyer in his Grongar-hill; and seems intended as an object in a distance. But *his* distances, I observed, are all in confusion; and indeed it is not easy to separate them from his foregrounds.

The landscape he gives us, in which the castle of Dinevawr makes a part, is seen from the brow of a distant hill. The first object, that meets his eye, is a wood. It is just beneath him; and he easily distinguishes the several trees, of which it is composed:

The gloomy pine, the poplar blue,  
The yellow beech, the fable yew,  
The slender fir, that taper grows,  
The sturdy oak, with broad-spread boughs.

This





12

This is perfectly right: objects so near the eye should be distinctly marked. What next strikes him, is a *purple-grove*; that is, I presume, a grove, which has gained its *purple-hue* from distance. This is, no doubt, very just colouring; though it is here, I think, introduced rather too early in the landscape. The blue, and purple tints belong chiefly to the most removed objects; which seem not here to be intended. Thus far however I should not greatly cavil.

The next object he surveys, is a level lawn, from which a hill, crowned with a castle, which is meant, I am informed, for that of Dineawr, arises. Here his great want of *keeping* appears. His castle, instead of being marked with still fainter colours, than the *purple-grove*, is touched with all the strength of a foreground. You see the very ivy creeping upon its walls. Transgressions of this kind are common in descriptive poetry. Innumerable instances might be collected from much better poems, than Grongar-hill. But I mention only the inaccuracies of an author, who, as a painter, should at least have observed the most obvious principles of his art.—With how much more picturesque beauty does Milton introduce a distant castle:

Towers, and battlements he sees,  
Bosomed high in tufted trees.

Here

Here we have all the indistinct colouring, which obscures a distant object. We do not see the iron-grated window, the portcullis, the ditch, or the rampart. We can just distinguish a castle from a tree; and a tower from a battlement.

The scenery around Dinevawr-castle is very beautiful; consisting of a rich profusion of wood, and lawn. But what particularly recommends it, is the great variety of the ground. I know few places, where a painter might study the inequalities of a surface with more advantage.

Nothing gives so just an idea of the beautiful swellings of ground, as those of water; where it has sufficient room to undulate, and expand. In ground, which is composed of very refractory materials, you are presented often with harsh lines, angular insertions, and disagreeable abruptnesses. In water, whether in gentle, or in agitated motion, all is easy; all is softened into itself; and the hills and the vallies play into each other in a variety of the most beautiful forms. In agitated water abruptnesses indeed there are; but yet they are such abruptnesses, as, in some part or other, unite properly with the surface around them; and are, on the whole, perfectly harmonious. Now if the ocean, in any of these





these swellings, and agitations, could be arrested, and fixed, it would produce that pleasing variety, which we admire in ground. Hence it is common to fetch our images from water, and apply them to land. We talk of an undulating line, a playing lawn, and a billowy surface; and give a much stronger, and more adequate idea, by such imagery, than plain language can possibly present.

The woods, which adorn these beautiful scenes about Dinevawr-castle, and which are clumped with great beauty, consist chiefly of the finest oak; some of them of large Spanish chefnuts. There are a few, and but a few, young plantations.

The picturesque scenes, which this place affords, are numerous. Wherever the castle appears, and it appears almost every where, a landscape purely picturesque is generally presented. The ground is so beautifully disposed, that it is almost impossible to have bad composition. And the opposite side of the vale often appears as a back-ground; and makes a pleasing distance.

Some where, among the woody scenes of Dinevawr, Spenser hath conceived, with that splendor of imagination, which brightens all his descriptions, the cave of Merlin to be seated. Whether there

there is any opening in the ground, which favours the fiction, I find no account; the stanzas however are too much in place to be omitted.

To Maridunum, that is now, by change  
 Of name, Cayr-Merdin called, they took their way.  
 There the wise Merlin whilom wont, they say,  
 To make his wonne low underneath the ground,  
 In a deep delve, far from the view of day,  
 That of no living wight he mote be found,  
 When so he counselleth, with his sprights incompast round.  
 And if thou ever happen that same way  
 To travel, go to see that dreadful place:  
 It is a hideous, hollow, cave-like bay  
 Under a rock, that lies a little space  
 From the swift Barry, tumbling down a pace,  
 Emongst the woody hills of Dinevawr.  
 But dare thou not, I charge, in any case  
 To enter into that same baleful bower,  
 For fear the cruel fiends should thee unwares devour.  
 But standing high aloft, low lay thine ear;  
 And there such ghastly noise of iron chains,  
 And brazen cauldrons thou shalt rombling hear,  
 Which thousand sprights with long enduring pains  
 Do toss, that it will stun thy feeble brains.  
 And oftentimes great groans, and grievous stounds,  
 When too huge toil, and labour them constrains.  
 And oftentimes loud strokes, and ringing sounds  
 From under that deep rock most horribly rebounds\*.

As we returned from Dinevawr-castle, into the road, a noble scene opened before us. It is a distant view of a grand, circular part of the vale of Towy, (circular at least in appearance) surrounded by hills, one behind another; and forming a vast amphitheatre. Through this expanse, (which is rich to profusion with all the objects of cultivation, melted together into one mass by distance) the Towy winds in various meanders. The eye cannot trace the whole serpentine course of the river; but sees it, here and there, in glittering spots, which gives the imagination a pleasing employment in making out the whole. The nearest hills partake of the richness of the vale: the distant hills, which rise gently above the others, seem barren.



S E C T. VIII.

FROM Dinevawr-castle we set out, across the country, for Neath. A good turnpike-road, we were assured, would lead us thither: but we were told much of the difficulty of passing *the mountain*, as they emphatically call a ridge of very high ground, which lay before us.

Though we had left the vale of Towy, the country continued to wear the same face of hill, and dale, which it had so long worn. On the right, we had long a distant view of the scenery of Dinevawr-castle; which appeared like a grand, woody bank. The woods also of Golden-grove varied the scene. Soon after, other castles, seated loftily on rising grounds, adorned other vales; Truslan-castle on the right, and Kirkennel, on the left.

But all these beautiful scenes, by degrees, were closed. Castles, and winding rivers, and woody banks, were swallowed up, one after another: no succession of sweet distances arose. We approach-

ed, nearer and nearer, the bleak mountain; which began to spread its dark mantle athwart the view.

It did not however advance precipitately. Though it had long blotted out all distance; yet its environs afforded a present scene; and partook of the beautiful country we had passed. The ground about its foot was agreeably disposed; swelling into a variety of little knolls, covered with oak; which a foaming rivulet, winding along, shaped into tufted islands, and peninsulas of different forms; wearing away the soil in some parts from the roots of the trees; and in others delving deep channels: while the mountain afforded a dark, solemn background to the whole.

—We now began to ascend its steeps; but before we had risen too high, we turned round to take a retrospect of all the rich scenes together, which we had left behind. It was a noble view; distance melting into distance; till the whole was closed by a semi-circle of azure mountains, scarce distinguishable from the azure sky, which absorbed them.

Still ascending the spiral road round the shaggy side of the mountain, we arrived at, what is called, its *gate*. Here all idea of cultivation ceased. That was not deplorable: but with it our turnpike-road ceased also; which was finished, on this side, no farther





farther than the *mountain-gate*. We had gotten a guide however to conduct us over the pathless desert. But it being too steep, and rugged to ascend on wheels, we were obliged to lighten our carriage, and ascend on foot.

In the midst of our labour, our guide called out, that he saw a storm driving towards us, along the tops of the mountains; a circumstance indeed, which in these hilly countries, cannot often be avoided. We asked him, How far it was off? He answered, Ten minutes. In less time, sky, mountains, and vallies were all wrapt in one cloud of obscurity.

Our recompence consisted in following with our eye the rear of the storm; observing, through its broken skirts, a thousand beautiful effects, and half-formed images, which were continually opening, lost, and varying; till the sun breaking out, the whole resplendent landscape appeared again, with double radiance, under the leaden gloom of the retiring tempest.

When we arrived at the top of the mountain, we found a level plain; which continued at least two miles. It was, in itself, a noble terrace; but was too widely spread, to give us a display of much distant scenery.

At

At length, we began to descend the mountain, and soon met an excellent turn-pike road, down which we slid swiftly, in an elegant spiral; and found, when we came to the bottom, that we had spent near four hours in surmounting this great obstruction.

Having thus passed the mount Cenis of this country, we fell into the same kind of beautiful scenery on this side of it, which we had left on the other: only here the scene was continually shifting, as if by magical interposition.

We were first presented with a view of a deep, woody glen, lying below us; which the eye could not penetrate, resting only on the tops, and tuftings of the trees.

This suddenly vanished; and a grand, rocky bank arose in front, richly adorned with wood.

It was instantly gone; and we were shut up in a close, woody lane.

In a moment, the lane opened on the right, and we had a view of an enchanting vale.

We

We caught its beauties as a vision only. In an instant, they fled; and in their room arose two bold woody promontories. We could just discover between them, as they floated past, a creek, or the mouth of a river, or a channel of the sea; we knew not what it was: but it seemed divided by a stretch of land of dingy hue, which appeared like a sand-bank.

This scene shifting, immediately arose, on our left, a vast hill, covered with wood; through which, here and there, projected huge masses of rock. It shrank as it often did in the cedar wood, and soon faded. All in gloom and noise. In a few moments it vanished, and a grove of trees suddenly shot up in its room.

But before we could even discover of what species they were, the rocky hill, which had just appeared on the left, winding rapidly round, presented itself full in front. It had now acquired a more tremendous form. The wood, which had before hid its terrors, was now gone; and the rocks were all left, in their native wildness, every where bursting from the soil.

Many

Many of the objects, which had floated so rapidly past us, if we had had time to examine them, would have given us sublime, and beautiful hints in landscape: some of them seemed even well combined, and ready prepared for the pencil: but, in so quick a succession, one blotted out another.—The country at length giving way on both sides, a view opened, which suffered the eye to rest upon it.

The river Neath, covered with shipping, was spread before us. Its banks were inriched with wood; amidst which arose the ruins of Neath-abbey, with its double tower. Beyond the river, the country arose in hills; which were happily adorned, when we saw them, in a clear, seréne evening, with one or two of those distant forges, or charcoal-pits, which we admired on the banks of the Wye; wreathing a light veil of smoke along their summits, and blending them sweetly with the sky.—Through this landscape we entered the town of Neath; which, with its old castle, and bridges, excited many picturesque ideas.





## S E C T. IX.

**A**S we left Neath, a grand vista of woody mountains, pursuing each other along the river, and forming, no doubt, some enchanting vale, if we had had time to examine it, stretched into remote distance.

The vistas of art are tame, and formal. They consist of streets; or of trees planted nicely in rows; or of some other species of regularity. Nature's vistas are of a different cast. She forms them sometimes of mountains, sometimes of rocks, and sometimes of woods. But all her works even of this formal kind, are the works of a master. If the idea of regularity be impressed on the *general form*, the *parts* are broken with a thousand varieties. Her vistas are models to paint from. In *this*, both the mountains themselves are beautiful; and the perspective combination of them.

L

The

The broken ground about a copper-work, a little beyond the town, would afford hints for a noble landscape. Two contiguous hills appear as if riven asunder; and lay open a very picturesque scene of rocky fragments, interspersed with wood; through which a torrent, forcing it's way, forms two or three cascades, before it reaches the bottom.

A little beyond this, the views, which had entertained us, as we entered Neath, entertained us a second time, as we left it. The river, covered with shipping, presented itself again. The woody scenery arose on it's banks: and the abbey appeared among the woods; though in different perspective, and in a more removed situation.

Here too we were again presented with those two woody promontories, which we had seen before, with a creek, or channel between them, divided by what seemed a sand-bank. We had now approached much nearer, and found we had been right in our conjecture. The extensive object we had seen, was the bank of Margam; which, when the sea retires, is a vast, sandy flat.

From hence we had, for a considerable time, continued views, on the left, of grand, woody pro-

promontories, pursuing each other, all rich to profusion; with sea-views on the right. Such an intermixture of high-lands, and sea, where the objects are beautiful; and well disposed, makes, in general, a very pleasing mode of composition. The roughness of the mountains above, and the smooth expanse of the waters below, wonderfully aid each other by the force of contrast.

From these views we were hurried, at once, upon a bleak sea-coast; which gave a kind of relief to the eye, surfeited with rich landscape to satiety. Margam-sand-bank, which, seen partially, afforded a sweet, chastising tint to the verdure of the woody promontories, through which we had twice seen it; became now (when unsupported, and spread abroad in all its extension) a cold, disgusting object.—But relief was every where at hand; and we seldom saw it long, without some intervention of woody scenery.

As we approached the river Abravon, our views degenerated still more. Margam-sand-bank, which was now only the boundary of marshes, became quite offensive to the eye: and though, on the left, the woody hills continued still shooting after us, yet they had lost their pleasing shapes. No variety of breaks, like the members of architecture, gave

a lightness, and elegance to their forms. No mantling furniture invested their sides; nor tufted fringe adorned their promontories; nor clumps of scattered oak discovered the sky, through interstices, along their towering summits. Instead of this, they had degenerated into mere uniform lumps of matter; and were every where overspread with one heavy, uninterrupted bush.

Of this kind were Lord Mansell's woods, which covered a promontory. Time, with it's lenient hand, may hereafter hang new beauties upon these hills; when it has corrected their heaviness, by improving the luxuriance of youthful foliage into the lighter forms of aged trees.

From Lord Mansell's to Pyle, which stands on a bleak coast, the spirit of the country is totally lost.

Here we found the people employed in sending provisions to the shore, where a Dutch West-India ship had just been wrecked. Fifteen lives were lost; and among them the whole family of a Zealand merchant, who was bringing his children for education to Amsterdam. The populace came down in large bodies to pillage the wreck; which the officers of the customs, and gentlemen of the coun-

country, assembled to protect.—It was a busy scene, composed of multitudes of men, carts, horses, and horsemen.

The bustle of a croud is not ill-adapted to the pencil: but the management of it requires great artifice. The whole must be considered as one body, and massed together.

I mean not to have the whole body so agglomerated, as to consist of no detached groups: but to have these groups (of which there should not be more than two or three) appear to belong to one whole, by the artifice of composition, and the effect of light.

This great whole must be varied also in it's parts. It is not enough to stick bodies and heads together. Figures must be contrasted with figures; and life, spirit, and action must pervade the whole.

Thus in managing a croud, and in managing a landscape, the same general rules are to be observed. The whole, and it's parts must be *combined*, and *contrasted*. But the difficulty is the greater in a croud; as it's parts, consisting of animated bodies, require a nicer observation of form: and

and being all similar likewise, they require more art in the combination of them.

*Composition* indeed has never a more difficult work, than when it is engaged in combining a croud. When a number of people, all coloured alike, are to be drawn up in rank and file; it is not in the art of man to combine them. Modern heroes therefore must not look to have their achievements recorded on canvas, till they abrogate their formal arts. But even when you may take all the advantages of shape, and colour, with which the human form can be varied, or cloathed, we find it still a matter of difficulty enough.

I do not immediately recollect having seen a croud better managed, than Hogarth has managed one in the last print of his idle'prentice. In combining the multifarious company, which attends the spectacle of an execution, all the observations I have made, are exemplified. I have not the print before me: but I have often admired it in this light; and do not recollect observing any thing in it that is offensive.

The subject before us is as well adapted, as any species of croud can be, to exhibit the beauties of composition. Horses, carts, and men, make a good

good assemblage: and this variety in the parts would appear to great advantage from the simplicity of a winding shore; and of a stranded ship, (a large, dark object,) heeling on one side, in a corner of the piece.

SECT.



## S E C T. X.

FROM Pyle the country grows still worse, till at last it degenerates into a vile heath; and continues a long time totally unadorned, or at best with a few transient beauties.

At *Bridgend*, where we meet the river Ogmore, a beautiful landscape bursts again upon us. Woody banks arise on both sides; on the right especially, which continue a considerable way, marking the course of the river. On the left is a rich distance.

From hence we pass in view of cultivated vallies, into which the rich distance, we had just seen, began to form itself: while the road winds over a kind of terrace above them. An old castle, also enriches the scene; till at length the terrace giving way, we sink into the vale; and enter Cowbridge.

The heights beyond Cowbridge give us the first view of the Bristol channel on the right. The

M country

country between the eye and the water has a marshy appearance; but being well blended, and the lines broken, it makes a tolerable distance. The road passes through pleasant inclosed lanes.

At the fifth stone, before we reached Cardiff, we had a most grand, and extensive view, from the heights of Clanditham. It contained an immense stretch of country, melting gradually into a faint blue semicircle of mountains, which edged the horizon.—This scene indeed, painted in syllables, words, and sentences, appears very like some of the scenes we had met with before: but in nature it was very different from any of them.

In distant views of cultivated countries, seen from lofty stands; the parts, which lie nearest the eye, are commonly disgusting. The divisions of property into squares, rhomboids, and other mathematical forms, are unpleasant. A view of this kind therefore does not assume it's beauty, till you descend a little into the vale; till the hedgrows begin to lengthen; and form those agreeable *discriminations*, of which Virgil\* takes notice; where

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\* ————— et latè discriminat agros.

AEn. II. 144.

fields,

fields, and meadows become extended streaks; and yet are broken in various parts by rising grounds, castles, and other objects, with which distances abound: melting away from the eye, in one general azure tint; just, here and there, diversified with a few lines of light and shade; and dotted with a few indistinct objects. Then, if you are so happy as to find a ruin, a spreading tree, a bold rock, or some other object, large enough, with it's appendages, to become a foreground, to fill up the middle space, and balance the distance; you have the chance of being presented with a noble picture, which *distance alone* cannot give you.

Hence appears the absurdity of carrying a painter to the top of a high hill, to take a view. He cannot do it. Extension alone, though amusing in nature, will never make a picture. It *must* be *supported*.

Cardiff lies low; though it is not unpleasantly seated, on the landside, among woody hills. As we *approached*, it appeared with more of the furniture of antiquity about it, than any town we had seen in Wales: but *on the spot* the picturesque eye finds it too intire to be in full perfection. The castle, which was formerly the prison of the unfortunate Robert, son of William I, who languished

here the last twenty years of his life, is still, I believe, a prison, and in good repair.

From the town and parts adjacent, the windings, and approach of the river Tave from the sea, with a full tide, make a grand appearance. This is, on the whole, the finest estuary, we had seen in Wales.

From the heights beyond Cardiff, the views of the channel, on the right, continue; and of the Welsh mountains on the left: The sugar-loaf, near Abergavenny, appears still distinctly. The road leads through inclosed lanes.

Newport lies pleasantly on a declivity. A good view might be taken from the retrospect of the river, the bridge, and the castle. A few slight alterations would make it picturesque.

Beyond Newport some of the views of the channel were finer than any we had seen. The coast, though it continues flat, becomes more woody, and the parts are larger.

About seven miles from Newport, the road winds among woody hills; which, here and there, form beautiful dips at their intersections. On one of

of these knolls stand the ruins of a castle; which has once made a grand appearance; but it is now degraded into a modern dwelling.

As we approached the passage over the Bristol channel, the views of it became still more interesting. On the right, we left the magnificent ruins of Caldicot-castle; and arrived at the ferry-house, about three in the afternoon, where we were so fortunate as to find the boat preparing to set sail. It had attempted to cross at high water, in the morning: but after toiling three hours against the wind, it was obliged to put back. This afforded another opportunity, when the water was at ebb: for the boat can pass only at the two extremes of the tide; and seldom oftener than once in a day.

We had scarce alighted at the ferry-house, when we heard the boatman winding his horn from the beach, about a quarter of a mile below, as a signal to bring down the horses. When they were all embarked, the horn sounded again for the passengers. A very multifarious company assembled; and a miserable walk we had to the boat through sludge; and over shelving, and slippery rocks. When we got to it, we found eleven horses on board, and above thirty people; and our chaise (which we had

had intended to convert into a cabin during the voyage) flung into the shrouds.

The boat, after some strugling with the shelves, at length gained the channel. The wind was unfavourable, which obliged us to make several *tacks*, as the seamen phrase them. These tacks occasioned a fluttering in the sail: and this produced a fermentation among the horses; till their fears reduced them again to order.

Livy gives us a beautiful picture of the terror of cattle, in a scene of this kind.—“ Primus erat “ pavor, quum, soluta rati, in altum raperentur. “ Ibi urgentes inter se, cedentibus extremis ab “ aquâ, trepidationem aliquantam edebant; donec “ quietem ipse timor circumspicientibus aquam “ fecisset\*.”

The scenery of this short voyage was of little value. We had not here the steep, folding banks of the Wye to produce a succession of new landscapes. Our picture now was motionless. From the beginning to the end of the voyage, it continued the same. It was only a display of water; varied by

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\* Lib. XXI. cap. xxviii.

that

that little change, introduced by distance, in a low margin of land; which, seen from so low a point, as the surface of the water, became a mere thread. The screens bore no proportion to the area.

After beating near two hours against the wind, our voyage concluded, as it began, with an uncomfortable walk through the sludge, to the high-water mark.

The worst part of the affair, is, the usage of horses. If they are unruly, or any accident occurs, there is hardly a possibility, at least if the vessel be crowded, of affording them relief. Early in our voyage, as the boat heeled, one of the poor animals fell down. Many an ineffectual struggle it made to rise; but nothing could be done, till we arrived at the other side.

The operation too of landing horses, is equally disagreeable. They are forced out of the boat, through an aperture in the side of it; which is so inconvenient a mode of egress, that in leaping, many have been hurt from the difficulty of disengaging their hinder legs.

As our chaise could not be landed, till the tide flowed up the beach, we were obliged to wait at the

the ferry-house. Our windows overlooked the channel, and the Welsh-coast, which seen from a higher stand, became now a woody, and beautiful distance. The wind was brisk, and the sun clear; except that, at intervals, it was intercepted by a few floating clouds. The playing lights, which arose from this circumstance, on the opposite coast, were very picturesque. Pursuing each other, they sometimes just caught the tufted tops of the trees; and sometimes gleaming behind shadowy woods, they spread along the vales, till they faded insensibly away.

Often these partial lights are more stationary, when the clouds, which fling their lengthened shadows on distant grounds, hang, some time, balanced in the air. But whenever found, or from whatever source derived, the painter observes them with the greatest accuracy: He marks their different appearances; and lays them up in his memory among the choice ingredients of distant landscape. Almost alone they are sufficient to vary distance. A *multiplicity of objects*, melted harmoniously together, contribute to *inrich* it; but without throwing in those *gleaming lights*, the artist can hardly avoid *beaviness*.

## S E C T. XI.

FROM the ferry-house to Bristol, the views are amusing. The first scene presented to us, was a spacious lawn, about a mile in diameter, the area of which was flat; and the boundary, a grand, woody bank; adorned with towers and villas, standing either boldly near the top; or seated in woody recesses near the bottom. The horizon line is well varied, and broken.

The whole of this landscape is too large; and not characterized enough to make a picture; but the contrast between the plain, and the wood, both of which are objects of equal grandeur, is pleasing: and many of the parts, taken separately, would form into good composition.

When we left the plain, the road carried us into shady lanes, winding round woody eminences; one of which was crowned with an artificial castle. The castle indeed, which consisted of one tower, might

N have

have been better imagined: the effect however was good, though the object was paltry.

About three miles on this side of Bristol, we had a grand view of rising country. It consisted of a pleasing mixture of wood and lawn; the parts were large; and the houses, and villages scattered in good proportion. The whole, when we saw it, was over-spread with a purplish tint, which we could not account for; but it united all the parts together in very pleasing harmony.

Nature's landscapes are always harmonized. Whether the sky is inlightened, or whether it lowers; whether it is tinted, or whether it is untinted, it gives it's yellow lustre, or it's grey obscurity, to the surface of the earth. It is but seldom however, that we meet with those strong harmonizing tints, which the landscape before us presented.

As the air is the vehicle of these tints, distant objects will of course participate of them in the greatest degree; the foregrounds will be little affected, as they are seen only through a very thin veil of air. But when the painter thinks it proper to introduce these strong tints into his distances, he will give his foregrounds likewise in some degree, a participating hue, though in reality it belongs

longs not to them ; or, at least, he will work them up with such colours, mute, or vivid, as accord best with the general tone of his landscape.—How far the painter will venture to produce these uncommon appearances of nature, is not a decided question. If the landscape before us were painted with that full purple glow, with which we saw it overspread, the connoisseur would probably take offence, and call it affected.

The approach to Bristol is grand ; and the environs every where shew the neighbourhood of an opulent city ; though the city itself lay concealed, till we entered it. For a considerable way, the road led between stone-walls, which bounded the fields on each side. This boundary, though, of all others, the most unpleasing, is yet a proper approach to a great town ; as it is a kind of connecting thread with the country.

The narrowness of the port of Bristol, which is formed by the banks of the river, is very striking. It may be called a dry harbour, notwithstanding the river : for the vessels, when the tide ebbs, lie on an ouzy bed, in a deep channel. The returning tide lifts them to the height of the wharfs. It exhibits of course none of those beautiful winding shores, which often adorn an estuary. The port of Bristol was probably first formed, when

vessels, afraid of being cut from their harbours by corsairs, chose to run up high into the country for security.

The great church is a remnant only of the ancient fabric. It has been a noble pile, when the nave was complete, and the stunted tower crowned with a spire, as, I suppose, it once was. We were sorry we did not look into Ratcliff-church, which is said to be an elegant piece of Gothic architecture.

The country around Bristol appears to be beautiful; though we had not time to examine it. The scenery about the Hot-wells is in a great degree picturesque. The river is cooped between two high hills; both of which are adorned with a rich profusion of rock, wood, and verdure. Here is no off-skip indeed; but as far as *foregrounds* alone make a picture, (and they will do much better alone, than *distances*) we are presented with a very beautiful one. Between these hills stands the pump-room, close to the river; and every ship, that sails into Bristol, sails under it's windows.

The road between Bristol and Bath contains very little worth notice. We had been informed of some grand retrospect views; but we did not find them. We were told afterwards, that there are two roads between

between Bath and Bristol ; of which the Gloucester-shire road is the more picturesque. If so, we unfortunately took the wrong one.

At Bath the buildings are strikingly splendid : but the picturesque eye finds little amusement among such objects. The circus, from a corner of one of the streets, that run into it, is thrown into perspective ; and if it be happily enlightened, is seen with advantage. The crescent is built in a simpler, and greater style of architecture, than the circus.

I have heard an ingenious friend, Col. Mitford, who is well-versed in the theory of the picturesque, speak of a very beautiful, and grand effect of light, and shade, which he had sometimes observed from an afternoon-sun, in a bright winter-day, on this structure. No such effect could happen in summer ; as the sun, in the same meridian, would be then too high. The elliptical form of the building was the magical source of this exhibition. A grand mass of light, falling on one side of the Crescent, melted imperceptibly into as grand a body of shade on the other ; and the effect rose from the *opposition*, and *graduation* of these extremes. It was still increased by the pillars, and other members of architecture, which beautifully varied, and broke both the light, and the shade ; and gave a wonderful richness to each.

each. The whole, he said, seemed like an effort of nature to set off art; and the eye roved about in astonishment to see a mere mass of regularity become the ground of so enchanting a display of harmony, and picturesque effect.

As objects of curiosity, the parades, the baths, the rooms, and the abbey, are all worth seeing. The rising grounds about Bath, as they appear from the town, are a great ornament to *it*: though they have nothing pleasing in *themselves*. There is no variety in the out-line; no breaks; no masses of woody scenery.

From Bath to Chippenham the road is pleasant; but I know not, that it deserves any higher epithet.

From Chippenham to Marlborough, we passed over a wild plain, which conveys no idea, but that of vastness, unadorned with beauty.

Nature, in scenes like these, seems only to have chalked out her designs. The ground is laid in; and is, in many parts, beautifully varied. Nothing is wanting, but the ornamental part—the river, or the lake winding through the bottom, which lies in form to receive it—the hanging rocks, to adorn some shooting promontory—and the woody screens

screens to incompafs, and give richness to the whole.

Marlborough-down is one of those vast, dreary scenes, which our ancestors, in the dignity of a state of nature, chose as the repositories of their dead. Every where we see the tumuli, which were raised over their ashes; among which the largest is Silbury-hill. These structures have no date in the history of time; and will be, in all probability, among its most lasting monuments. Our ancestors had no ingenious arts to gratify their ambition; and as they could not aim at immortality through that channel, they endeavoured to obtain it by works of enormous labour. It was thus in other barbarous countries. Before the introduction of arts in Egypt, kings were immortalized by lying under pyramids.

As we passed, what are called, the ruins of Abury, we could not but admire the industry, and sagacity of those antiquarians, who can trace a regular plan in such a mass of confusion\*.

At the great inn at Marlborough, formerly a mansion of the Somerset-family, one of these tu-

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\* See an account of Abury by Dr. Stukely.

muli

muli stands in the garden, and is whimsically cut into a spiral walk; which, ascending imperceptibly, is lengthened into half a mile. The conceit at least gives an idea of the bulk of these massy fabrics.

From Marlborough the road takes a more agreeable appearance. Savernake-forest, through which it passes, is a pleasant, woody scene: and great part of the way afterwards is adorned with little groves, and opening glades, which form a variety of second distances on the right. But we seldom found a foreground to set them off to advantage.

The country soon degenerates into open corn-lands: but near Hungerford, which is not an unpleasant town, it recovers a little spirit; and the road passes through close, pleasant lanes; with breaks, here and there, into the country between the boles of the trees.

As we approached Newberry, we had a view of Donnington-castle; one of those scenes, where the unfortunate Charles reaped some glory. Nothing now remains of this gallant fortress, but a gateway, and two towers. The hill, on which it stands, is so overgrown with brush-wood, that we could scarce trace any vestiges either of the walls of the castle;

castle; or of the works, which had been thrown up against it.

This whole woody hill, and the ruins upon it, are now tenanted only by ghosts; which add much to the dignity of these forsaken habitations; and are, for that reason, of great use in description.

In Virgil's days, when the Tarpeian rock was graced by the grandeur of the capitol, it was sufficiently ennobled. But in its early state, when it was *sylvestribus horrida dumis*, it wanted something to give it splendor. The poet therefore has judiciously added a few ideas of the awful-kind; and has contrived by this machinery to impress it with more dignity in its rude state, than it possessed in its adorned one:

“ Jam tum religio pavidos terrebat agrestes

Dira loci: jam tum sylvam, saxumque timebant.

“ Hoc nemus, hunc, inquit, frondoso vertice collem,  
(Quis Deus, incertum est) habitat Deus. Arcades ipsum  
Credunt se vidisse Jovem, cum saepe nigrantem  
Ægida concuteret dextrâ, nimbosque cieret.”

Of these imaginary beings the painter, in the mean time, makes little use. The introduction of them, instead of raising, would deprecate his subject. The characters indeed of Jupiter, Juno, and all that progeny, are rendered as familiar to us,

O through

through the antique, as those of Alexander, and Cæsar. But the judicious artist will be cautious how he goes farther. The poet will introduce a phantom of any kind without scruple. He knows his advantage. He speaks to the imagination; and if he deal only in general ideas, as all good poets on such subjects will do, every reader will form the phantom according to his own conception. But the painter, who speaks to the eye, has a more difficult work. He cannot deal in general terms: he is obliged to particularize: and it is not likely, that the spectator will have the same idea of a phantom, which he has.—The painter therefore acts prudently in abstaining, as much as possible, from the representation of fictitious beings.

The country about Newbery furnished little amusement. But if it is not *picturesque*, it is very *historical*.

In every *historical country* there are a set of ideas, which peculiarly belong to it. *Hastings*, and *Tewksbury*; *Runnemede*, and *Clarendon*, have all their associate ideas. The ruins of abbeys, and castles have another set: and it is a soothing amusement in travelling, to *assimilate* the mind to the *ideas of the country*. The ground we now trod, has many historical ideas associated with it; two  
great

great battles, a long siege, and the death of the gallant Lord Falkland.

The road from Newbery to Reading leads through lanes, from which a flat and woody country is exhibited on the right; and rising grounds on the left. Some unpleasant common fields intervene.

In the new road from Reading to Henly, the high grounds overlook a very picturesque distance on the right. The country indeed is flat; but this is a circumstance we do not dislike in a distance, when it contains a variety of wood and plain; and when the parts are large, and well-combined.

Henly lies pleasantly among woody hills: but the chalk, bursting every where from the soil, strikes the eye in spots; and injures the landscape.

From hence we struck again into the road across Hounslow-heath; having crowded much more within the space of a fortnight (to which our time was limited) than we ought to have done.

T H E E N D.



OBSERVATIONS  
ON THE COAST OF  
*HAMPSHIRE, SUSSEX, AND KENT.*



OBSERVATIONS  
ON THE COASTS OF  
*HAMPSHIRE, SUSSEX, AND KENT,*  
RELATIVE CHIEFLY TO  
PICTURESQUE BEAUTY:  
MADE IN THE SUMMER OF THE YEAR 1774.

---

By the late WILLIAM GILPIN, M. A.  
PREBENDARY OF SALISBURY,  
AND VICAR OF BOLDRE NEAR LYMINGTON.

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PUBLISHED BY HIS TRUSTEES,  
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THE following Observations make part of the unpublished works of the late Reverend William Gilpin, vicar of Boldre; which, by a codicil to his will, he left to five Trustees, for the support of the Parish-school which he has there founded\*.

With the original copy of these observations the trustees have found the fragment of a dedication, intended to accompany the work. It was written when his beloved wife, labouring under a severe bodily affliction, was threatened with immediate dissolution. At this time, when his mind was wholly occupied by an object so tenderly interesting it is probable he felt some consolation in turning his thoughts to the desire she had formerly expressed of having their names united in one of their journies. And under that impression he began a dedication which he left unfinished. She has had the misfortune to survive him. The sentiments of the fragment are, however, so expressive

\* For an Account of the School, see Mr. Gilpin's Two Essays on his Mode of executing Rough Sketches, &c. lately published.

*pressive of the kind and affectionate disposition of their departed friend, and so descriptive of his feelings with regard to his companion through life, that the Trustees do not feel themselves authorized to withhold the publication of it, even in its imperfect state.*

“This little journey is inscribed to the blessed memory of her who accompanied me both in it, and in several other journeys through England, and wished to have our names united in one of them. These were journeys of little moment; but in one of more importance she was a constant and most invaluable companion. It was a journey extending through a period of more than fifty years. In a journey of this length through this troublesome world, it may be supposed that a variety of accidents fell out; to all of which the energy of her mind was generally equal. She had a heart for friendship. Sincerity and affection were its chief features; and her prudence rarely gave an advantage to accident.—But her heart was too large to grasp only private objects. Her benevolence” — — — *The reader will probably regret that the manuscript terminates here.*

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OBSER.

OBSERVATIONS  
ON THE COASTS OF  
HAMPSHIRE, SUSSEX, AND KENT,  
&c. &c. &c.

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SECTION I.

*Water essential in landscape—its several uses—forest scenery, and ruins excepted—river scenery—lake scenery—sea-coast views—their distinct characters—grand ideas which belong to coast views—coast of England compared with those of Norway and the Mediterranean—how a coast view should best be taken.*

THE value of water in landscape arises both from its *own beauty*, and its use in *composition*. Its resplendency—its lights and shadows—its reflections—and the variety of its surface, when calm, ruffled, or agitated, are all circumstances of *innate beauty*. In *composition* it is accommodating to various objects. It opposes a flat surface to a prominent

minent one, smoothness to roughness, and transparency to opacity. It accommodates itself also, with the same ease, to every form of country by the various shapes, which its flexibility assumes. On the *plain* it rolls majestically along in the form of a deep-winding river. In a *mountainous country* it becomes sometimes a lake, sometimes a furious torrent broken among shelves and rocks; or it precipitates itself in some head-long cascade. Again, when it goes to sea, it sometimes covers half a hemisphere with molten glass; or it rolls about in awful swells: and when it approaches the shore it breaks gently into curling waves, or dashes itself into foam against opposing promontories.

Water, therefore, is one of the grand accompaniments of landscape. So essential is it in adorning a view, that some of the most pleasing compositions fall under one or other of these three heads, *river scenery*—*lake scenery*—or *sea-coast views*.—The characteristics of these several modes are often blended; but in their simple forms, the first partakes most of *beauty*—the second *introduces grandeur*, on which the third *almost entirely depends*.

The

The *river view*, unless indeed the river be very grand, or the country sublime, may be merely a scene of rural pleasure. Flocks and herds may pasture on its banks, with shepherds and herdsmen.

The *lake scene*, in which wilder ideas predominate, rejects these trivial appendages, or changes them for such as are more suited to its dignity. Flocks and herds are by no means unnatural appendages even of such a scene; but banditti, gypsies, soldiers, or other wild characters, are more accommodated to it.

In *coast scenery*, which is the chief subject of the following work, if its character be preserved distinct, the ideas of grandeur rise very high. Winding bays—views of the ocean—promontories—rocks of every kind and form—estuaries—mouths of rivers—islands—shooting peninsulas—extensive sand-banks; and all these adorned occasionally with castles—light-houses—distant towns—towers—harbours—all the furniture of navigation, and other incidental circumstances which belong to sea-coasts, form a rich collection of grand and picturesque materials.

To all these circumstances of grandeur in the *coast view* (to which the lake has little

pretension) we may add those vast masses of light and shade which the ocean exhibits; and which often spreading many leagues unbroken and undisturbed, yet gradually fading away, give instances of grandeur which no land illumination can reach. To this we may add the brilliant hues, which are continually playing on the surface of a quiet ocean. Beautiful, no doubt, in a high degree are those glimmering tints which often invest the tops of mountains: but they are mere coruscations compared with these marine colours, which are continually varying and shifting into each other in all the vivid splendour of the rain-bow, through the space often of several leagues.

To these grand ideas, which accompany the *stillness* of the ocean, we may add the sublimity of *storms*. A raging sea, no doubt, breaks the *uniformity of light and colour*; and destroys, of course, that grandeur in the ocean which arises from *the continuation of the same idea*. But it substitutes another species of grandeur in its room. It substitutes immense masses of water, rising in some parts to an awful height, and sinking in others into dark abysses; rolling in vast volumes clashing

ing with each other ; then breaking and flashing light in every direction. All this is among the grandest exhibitions that water presents.

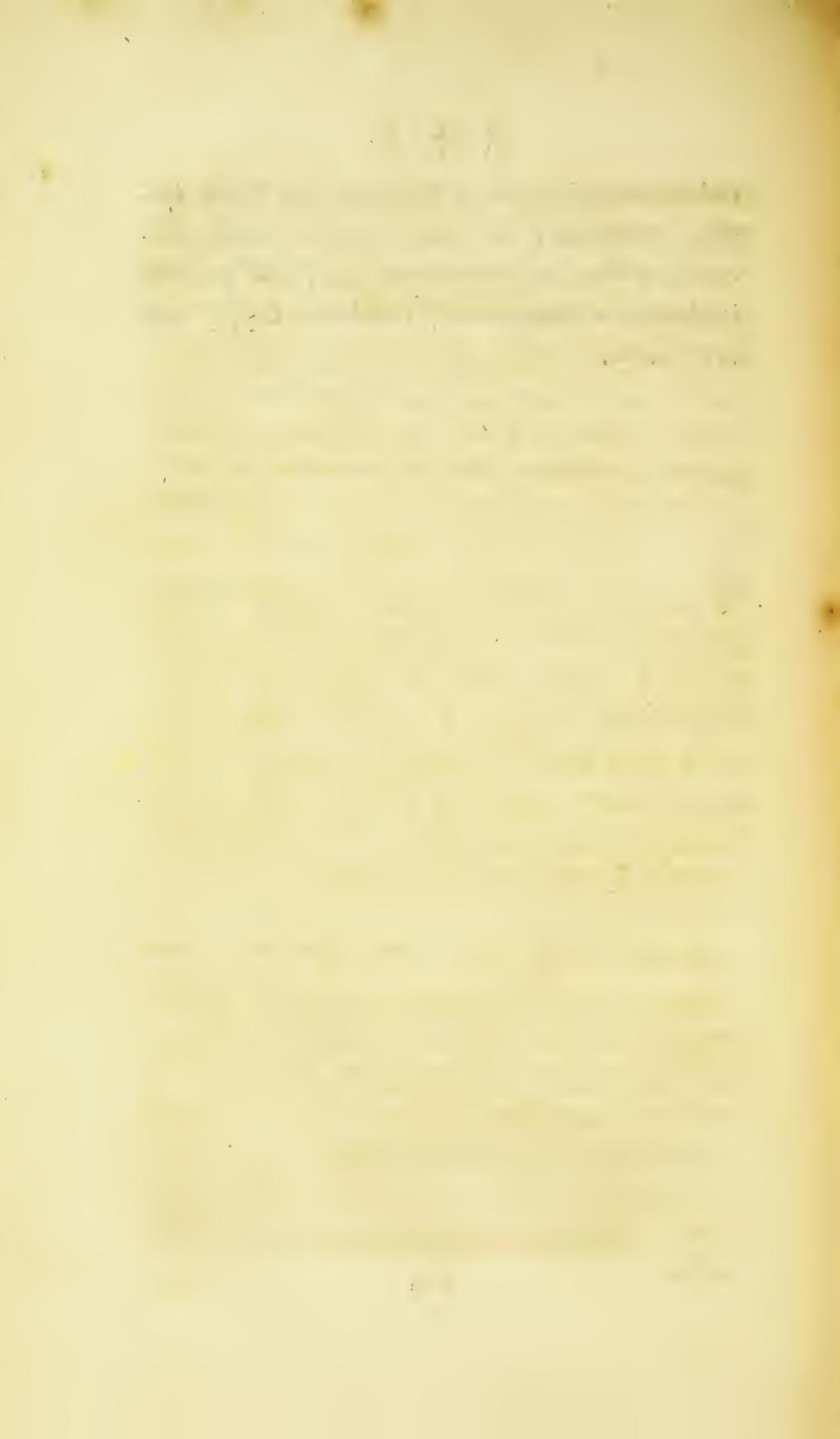
Now every circumstance of grandeur which generally accompanies a sea-coast view may be found, I should suppose, in one part or other of the shores of Britain. Its bays, rocks, and promontories are particularly picturesque. More magnificent they may be in Norway and other northern regions. But magnificence, when carried into *disproportion*, is carried too far for picturesque use. The human eye is capable only of comparing objects within a given circumference. It may indeed bring the largest within the sphere of vision by removing them to a proper distance. But this must necessarily diminish their grandeur.

On the whole, therefore, the coasts of this island perhaps, especially its northern parts, are equal to any other in that species of grandeur which is *most suited to picturesque use*. I have heard indeed that the coasts of the Mediterranean, of the Egean, and other seas, which are less buffeted by raging storms than ours, have *more beauty*. And this may

be true. They may be more beautifully decorated with wood and buildings—they may wind often into more picturesque bays—and often perhaps exhibit scenes of grandeur. The Riviere of Genoa, where the Alps and Appennines unite, and the shores also of Epirus, are said to be particularly grand. But I should suppose the coasts of Britain, especially if we add those of Ireland, are not behind them in beauty and picturesque grandeur; and that a circuit round our own island, to collect the several scenes it presents, would furnish a few volumes of drawings and verbal description, as amusing, perhaps, as could be collected from any other coasts.— From the little attempt in the following pages, which pursue only a small part of the British coast, and that one of the tamest, some idea may be formed of the materials which might be collected from its more interesting scenes.

Here a question might arise, whether views of this kind are more advantageously taken on shore, or in a voyage along the coast. To execute such a scheme *completely*, no doubt, it would *occasionally* be necessary to examine many projecting parts from the sea. But if either

either was *singly to be adopted*, the land station is certainly the more eligible, both, because, at sea the point is too low, and because it denies a foreground, unless we supply one artificially.



## SECTION II.

*Retrospect of Guildford—road to Godalmin—town of Godalmin—country between Godalmin and Petersfield—another road by Haslemere—singular piece of ground—fir groves—part of Waltham forest—view of the sea—timber—beautiful road through part of Bare forest—view of Portsmouth and its environs from Portsdown-hill—iſland of Portsea.*

THE country from Cheam to Guildford was familiar to us\*. From Guildford we took the road by Petersfield to Portsmouth. Guildford castle, though a heavy square tower, has a good effect in retrospect, along the Godalmin road, where the town appears to advantage, rising a steep hill. The castle takes a still higher stand, and overlooks it.

About a mile beyond Guildford we are struck with the beautiful ruins of a chapel, on an elevated ground, shaded with wood. It seems to have been built in good proportion, though without any rich Gothic ornament.

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\* See it described in the Western Tour.

The

The whole road to Godalmin is amusing, winding among lanes shaded with trees. The town itself stands pleasantly in a sort of amphitheatre, surrounded by low, woody hills. The church is particularly picturesque.

From Godalmin the road continues amusing about three miles farther; when we enter a bleak heathy country, which runs several miles, with little interruption. Where the heaths are interrupted, they are connected with woody lanes. These heaths, however, are far from being totally void of beauty. They are commonly bold sweeps of high ground, from which we have extensive views, particularly on the left, of a rich cultivated country, adorned with great profusion of wood. In many places the groves and corners of woods came brushing up in rich scenery, to the very tops of the high grounds on which we rode; or formed pleasant bays at the bottom.—Near Liphook, we passed under a row of Spanish chesnuts, which are noble trees, though a shepherd, who said his age was forty-nine, remembered the planting of them. It is near thirty years since I saw

them. If they are still alive, they must now be venerable trees.

About three miles before us we saw Petersfield, marked by a low white tower, bosomed in wood, and not unpleasantly seated under hills. These little touches of habitancy always make a distance interesting. The road passes through a heavy sand till we approach the town.

There is a lower road to Petersfield by Haslemere, which, leaving the heaths on the right, carries the traveller through close, woody lanes. It is a pleasanter, but not so good a road.

From Petersfield the lanes open agreeably. They are broad, and wind among spreading oaks. Over the tops of the trees appears ranging in front, at the distance of about three miles, a stretch of high downy ground, as if to oppose our passage. As we approached, it changed its situation, retired to the left, and ran parallel with the road at least a mile, sloping with great regularity into it. No garden lawn could be smoother than the whole continuity of this immense surface.

An

An object of this kind is by no means picturesque; but it is *grand* from its *uniformity*, and *striking* from its *novelty*.

Among hills of this kind we travelled several miles. None of them is so singular as that just described, but they are all in the same style. They afford little beauty but what arises from the intersections and play of the grounds, which are often amusing.— Through an opening at the point of one of these intersections we had the first view of the isle of Wight beyond it.

The heaths and wild grounds, over which we travelled, were in several parts variegated with little patches of fir, just planted. If these fir groves were thinned, and should hereafter grow freely and loosely, they may have a good effect; otherwise they will be heavy murky spots.

About the eleventh stone we left the downs, and discovered rising before us, a beautiful sweep of ground, hung with wood in the form of a theatre, the two points of which were about a mile asunder. This was a part of Waltham forest. Beyond the wood appeared a more distinct view of the sea, and of the island; and we could now

discover

discover the white sails of vessels in the channel.

Every where as we approached Portsmouth, we saw quantities of timber lying near the road, ready to be conveyed to the King's magazines.—This is both a *picturesque* and a *proper* decoration of the avenues to a dock-yard.

About the tenth stone we entered a corner of Bere-forest, which afforded a beautiful scene. We rode through woods of oak, which were sometimes close and sometimes open. The road, which was every where ample, presented us in one place with an irregular vista; in another it carried us into a lawn interspersed with trees; and often it doubled little shooting promontories composed either of single trees, or of patches of wood.—The whole is so beautiful a piece of nature, that if it were placed in an improved scene, it might be made, with very little art, to unite happily with the highest style of decoration.

From the top of Portsdown-hill, where we soon arrived, we had a view grander in its kind than perhaps any part of the globe can exhibit. Beneath our feet lay a large extent

of

of marshy ground, which is covered with water when the tides flow high, and adorned with innumerable islands and peninsulas. About a mile from the eye, this marsh is joined by the island of Portsea, distinguished by its peculiar fertility, and the luxuriance of its woods ; among which the town of Portsmouth appears to rise at the distance of five miles. The island is nearly of a triangular form : but here it seems to be a long stretch of land, forming a boundary to the harbour, which, like a land-locked bay, runs up between it and the marshy grounds we had just surveyed. Far to the right, and at the very end of the harbour, stands Porchester-castle ; the massy towers of which shewed themselves to advantage at this distance. The harbour of Portsmouth, which would contain all the shipping in Europe, was the grand feature in this view. Besides innumerable skiffs and smaller vessels plying about this ample basin, we counted between fifty and sixty sail of the line. Some of them appeared lying unrigged on the water : others in commission with their colours flying.—Beyond Portsmouth we had a view of the sea, which is generally crowded with ships, especially the road of

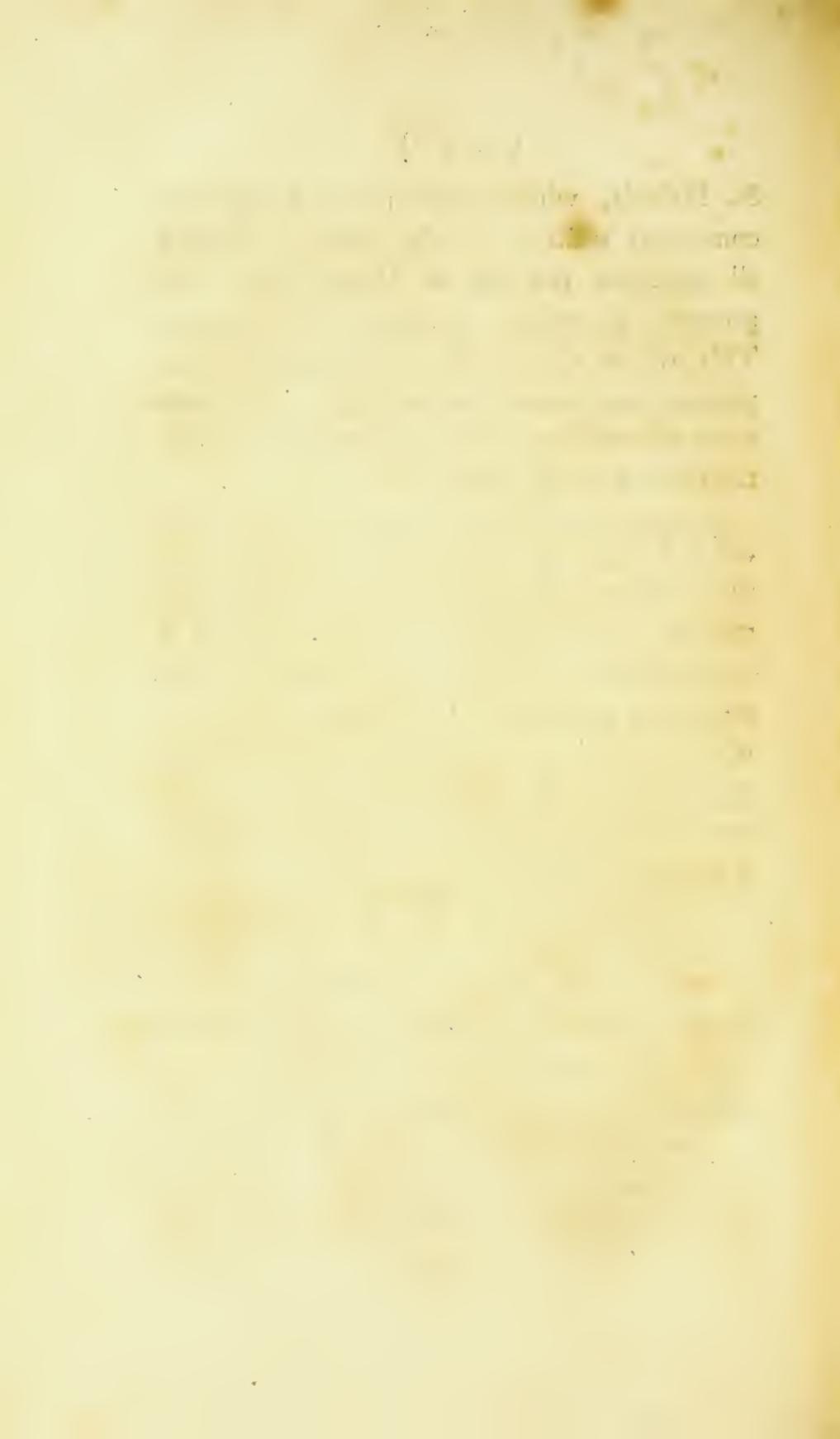
St. He-





St. Helen's, where some men of war are commonly waiting for the wind. Beyond all appeared the isle of Wight; the high grounds of which bounded the prospect. This whole view from Portsdown-hill was picturesque, as well as amusing. The parts were rather large indeed, but they were distinct and well connected.

Having surveyed this extensive landscape, we descended the hill, and soon entered the isle of Portsea, through a small fortification. The sea at full tide flows into the ditches that surround it, and just brings it within the definition of an island. The whole is a perfect flat, but the road winding through luxuriant inclosures, and shaded by noble oaks, is agreeable.—In this island we travelled about four miles to Portsmouth.



### SECTION III.

*Portsmouth—gentleman who shewed it to us—fortifications, docks, &c.—deception in the perspective of the rope-walk—harbour—remarks on the ornamental part of naval architecture—Vigilant, man of war, how adorned—Spithead—magazine of naval stores burnt by lightning.*

AT Portsmouth we were recommended to the civilities of a very worthy gentleman, though but indifferently qualified to gratify our curiosity. He was so deaf that we were obliged to repeat every question four or five times; and when we had made it intelligible, he stammered so exceedingly, that the question was lost before the answer could be obtained. His company however opened a free access to every thing we wished to examine.

Portsmouth, with all its gates, ditches, bastions, batteries, and other works, is a new sight to a traveller, who has never seen a fortified town or a naval arsenal. The bakery, salting-houses, and other victualling offices would appear enormous, if we had not a counterpart in the many floating castles, and

towns lying ready in the harbour to receive their contents. When Sir Charles Wager lay with a fleet of forty sail of the line at Spit-head, it was wholly victualled from this magazine, and consumed two hundred and forty oxen every week.

One of the great deficiencies of Portsmouth is the want of water. There are springs in different parts of the harbour, but not being collected into a head, they are inconvenient. The garrison is particularly ill supplied. This set an adventurous tradesman who lived at the *Point*, as it is called, to dig near his house in quest of water. At the depth of sixty feet he found a muddy bottom, and dug up an antique anchor. But no water appeared. He still went on. At the depth of twenty feet more he came to sand, and found symptoms of water. But instead of digging farther he tried an experiment. He bored a large pile, and drove it deep into the earth, through the sandy stratum that he had found. As soon as the pile touched the main spring, the water gushed so plentifully through it, as even to fill the well to the brim, and to run over. This, however, was only the first ebullition of the water. It soon sank;

sank ; but continued to stand at the height of eight or nine feet from the surface, which gave a depth of seventy feet of good water in the well.

Among the other curiosities of Portsmouth the docks, which are grand works, deserve particular attention. The new rope-walk conveys a strong idea of the power of perspective. It is a shed near a quarter of a mile long ; but figures at the distant end appear more diminished than in truth they should be. The difficulty lies in conceiving why more deception accompanies figures in this confined situation, than in the open air. Perhaps the confined form of the shed makes its length appear greater than it really is ; and of course the imagination makes the figures appear less. The eye is often exceedingly deceived, unless it have objects at hand to assist its observations by comparison. I have seen a house, which stood at a mile's distance across a valley, appear, when the valley was hid, almost in the next field.

But the great curiosity here is the harbour and all its appendages. Landscape is often seen in greater perfection, than we find it at Portsmouth ; but such a scene as this is a

sight which no other part of the world can exhibit in equal grandeur. It is a bay running many miles into the land, and opening to the sea by a narrow channel, only three hundred yards across, through which ships of war of the third and fourth rates may pass even at low water; and ships of the largest size when the tide is half made. On one side of this bay stand the town and fortifications of Portsmouth; on the other the town of Gosport, a hospital, and a fort. Through this channel the tide ebbs with so much force, that a small ship may get out, even when the wind blows directly against her. She sets her sails to keep her steady, and glides out with the retiring waters. This ample harbour is so land-locked on every side, that the wind must be very high, to give even the least motion to the larger ships which anchor in it. We were on board the Britannia, a first rate, which lay like a castle on the water, though there was both a current and a considerable wind. An officer on board informed us, that he had rarely known the harbour so agitated, as to put her into the least motion.

It filled the mind with pleasing ideas of the grandeur of Britain to sail up this noble bay;

bay ; and see so many of those vast machines, whose thunder had so often shaken every part of the globe.—There lay the *Namur* in peaceful security, which battered the walls of Louisbourg. Near her lay the *York*, which a few years ago spread terror in the Eastern hemisphere. By her side rode the *Intrepid*, which once gave law in the Mediterranean. The *Eolus* put us in mind of that ill-fated adventurer *Thurot* ; and the *Royal George* brought to our memory the defeat of Conflans in the Bay of Biscay.

The whole of this little voyage up the harbour of Portsmouth—the stately castles which float within it—the light skiffs which are continually plying among them—the scenery around—the towers of Porchester at one end—the town of Portsmouth at the other—and the variety of works upon its banks, form altogether a very grand assemblage of objects.

I cannot, however, forbear making a few remarks on the ornamental part of our naval architecture. In sailing round the ships in Portsmouth harbour, we scarce observed one which was not superbly decorated with carving and painting. The *impropriety* and *de-*

*formity* of these ornaments, I think, are great. The *impropriety* of them consists in *decorating* a machine with carved work, which is professedly intended to be battered with cannon-bullets. The absurdity is so *common* that it is not *obvious*: but if we should see the face of a bastion, adorned, at great expence, with figures in bas-relief, it would be glaring. The earliest impropriety of this kind we find in Homer, who adorned the shield of his hero with the richest sculpture; and in this he was followed by another great poet. I should allow a little sculpture on the mail and helmet: but the shield, which was to defend them,—which was to offer itself to every brunt, and of course to be often defaced, had certainly nothing to do with ornament. Homer and Virgil, however, thought they had; and our naval architects have at least these high examples to follow.

But, on a supposition there were no *impropriety* in these ornaments, the *deformity* still remains. It cannot be supposed the carving of these rough machines should be excellent: but if carving be at all thought necessary, it should, at least not be execrable. A vile ornament is surely a deformity: and most of the

the ornaments, we saw, were not only vile in themselves, but rendered doubly so by daubing them over with glaring colours.—To a lion at the head of a British ship of war I should not much object, provided the *form* of a lion, however roughly executed, was in *some little degree* observed: and if instead of being daubed over with red or yellow, he was tinged with a darker colour, *inclining only* to yellow, so as to unite him better with the ship to which he was affixed.

As we sailed under the bow of a large ship (I forget her name) adorned with an immense human figure gorgeously painted, our conductor, pointing to it, observed it was esteemed the *best carved figure* in the navy. As this compliment was so well guarded by a comparison, we assented to it without any apprehension of injuring the truth.

It is probable, however, that among the vast society of naval architects, the body of carvers have their friends to support their interest. Otherwif th y seem to be so useleſs a tribe, that the nation might well be exonerated from the expence they occasion. To take their bread from them would be hard; but such ingenious artists could turn their

hands, no doubt, to the hewing of timber in some more useful manner.

When the board of Admiralty contracts for a ship of war, they give the form and size, I am told, of every piece of timber that belongs to her. But, for the credit of national taste, they leave the ornamental part in the hands of the carpenter. With how little *judgement* (*taste* is a word not to be used) these naval sculptors are endowed the following story may give some idea :

One of them being employed to carve a head for the *Vigilant*, a ship of sixty-four guns, asked a friend for a proper device. His friend told him he thought a *dragon*, which was an emblem of *vigilance*, would correspond with the ship's name. The advice was judicious. But the sculptor chose rather to consult his old oracle, a book of emblems. There he found that a *woman*, *with a bible in one hand, and a lantern in the other*, was an emblem of *vigilance*, though in what way I know not. This, however, was the device he fixed on : and the *Vigilant*, I suppose, has to this day her head adorned in this absurd manner.

Before the mouth of Portsmouth-harbour runs out (like a vast court before the front-gate of a castle) the noble road of Spithead. It takes its name from a sand-bank, which extends from the right side of the harbour, running towards South-sea Castle, and ending in a point, which is called the *head of the Spit*, or *Spithead*. Round this point, under the batteries of South-sea Castle, all ships must pass that go from Portsmouth-harbour into Spithead-road, which stretches five or six leagues; and is well secured from every wind by the folding of the Isle of Wight over the Hampshire coast. Here the fleets of England ride in safety, till they are fully reinforced by the several ships intended to join them, as each is equipped and leaves the harbour.

In the year 1760 the vast magazine of naval stores, contained in the arsenal here, was set on fire by lightning, and almost entirely consumed. Above a thousand tons of hemp—five hundred tons of cordage—seven hundred sails—with vast quantities of tar, oil, and pitch were destroyed. This prodigious loss, in the midst of a war, threw the country, ignorant of its own strength, into consternation. In fact

fact it was nothing : it seemed only as if intended to shew Europe the resources of the nation. Such an abundance of stores were immediately poured into Portsmouth from other magazines, both public and private, that the loss was never felt ; nor any equipment in the least impeded.

## SECTION IV.

*Island of Haling—Havant—Warblington-castle—description of the coast to Chichester—Chichester—Goodwood—Hale-necker—road to Arundel.*

FROM Portsmouth we took the Chichester road, which pursues the coast at the distance of a mile from the beach, through beautiful lanes shaded with wood. At every opening, the island of Haling appeared running like a long woody peninsula into the sea. This amusing road continued about six miles; and was then interrupted by the disagreeable town of Havant. But when we left Havant, we met the same kind of road again, and pursued it many miles farther. On our right, before we reached Eamsworth, we passed the ruins of Warblington castle, once the gallant seat of the Earls of Salisbury. It was formerly a magnificent pile; it is now a beautiful ruin, surrounded by wood and rich meadows.

There is a pleasing mixture along all this coast, of land and sea views. Haling, and Thorney islands appear to encompass with their

their surrounding woods, a beautiful lake, when the tide is full ; and at Eamsworth little vessels ride at anchor near the beach, which seem as if intended to transport passengers, from one part of this fairy land to another. No outlet appears. The vessels are in fact, employed in the corn trade, which is carried on here with great spirit. In other parts of the coast are openings, which discover bays and basons, formed by little creeks and arms of the sea, running up among lands in high cultivation. Anchors and ploughs, hulks of vessels and barns, masts of ships and oak trees, waggons and boats, are all mixed together.

Figitur in viridi (si fors tulit) anchora prato :  
Aut subiecta terunt curvæ vincita carinæ.

We found nothing great in all this coast, and it was every where too low to admit much variety ; but when we could get a shady oak, a rising bank, or any proper object to adorn a good fore-ground, we were sure of a pleasing offskip.

Chichester lies low ; and made no appearance as we approached. We discovered it at the

the distance of five miles ; obtaining, now and then, a catch of the spire of the great church, through the vistas of the road. An old cross is one of the most beautiful objects we observed in the town. The cathedral is an ordinary, heavy Saxon pile,—though the cloisters and their appendages are of a more pleasing mode of architecture.

At Chichester we left the Arundel road, and went to Goodwood, a seat of the Duke of Richmond. The house is old, and no way interesting ; the stables are new and magnificent\*. The park is about three miles in circumference, and is a pleasant scene. Indeed the whole country is beautiful.

About two miles from Goodwood the Duke has another seat, called Halnecker, purchased lately of the Countess of Derby. It is an old mansion ; but the grounds appear capable of great improvement.

From Goodwood to Arundel, we passed through pleasant woody lanes, which ex-

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\* Since this was written, the duke has built a kennel for his hounds, which exceeds in magnificence and conveniences of every kind, even to luxury, any structure perhaps ever raised before for the reception of such tenants.

hibited

hibited, here and there, a distant view of the sea. These lanes brought us upon a common, which drew into a wood. Through this wood, we pursued our way to Arundel. The town is hid, till we dropped into it. It is neat, and stands on the side of a hill, which gives steepness and cleanliness to its streets; with a view over a marsh, and a navigable river.—But the castle was the object which excited our curiosity.

## SECTION V.

*Arundel castle—Bevis—description of the castle—of the Country around it—Caen stone—church at Arundel—popish priest—picture by Janeiro—queen Ediliza—the empress Maud—sieges of the castle—Chillingworth—retrospect of Arundel castle.*

ARUNDEL castle stands high. The park which surrounds it is close and confined ; but a little art might open, and make it beautiful. Indeed, such an object would itself be sufficient to grace any scene. We walked round the castle before we entered. Its foundation is a steep, circular knoll, effected partly by nature, and partly by art, surrounded by a wide ditch, which is about three quarters of a mile in circumference. The ditch and hanging sides of the knoll, are thickly covered with wood, which almost excludes all sight of the ruins it encloses. Here and there a tower is just discoverable through the trees.

We entered the castle under the front-tower, by a bridge thrown over the ditch. On each side of the entrance, is one of those horrid dungeons which bring the power and cruelty

of an aristocratic chief before our eyes. On the left stand the ruins of another tower, known by the name of Bevis tower. Bevis was a giant of ancient times ; whose prowess was equal to his size. He was able to wade the channel of the sea to the Isle of Wight, and frequently did it for his amusement. Bevis only copied from the giants of more remote antiquity ;

Magnus Orion

Cum pedes incedit medii per maxima Nerei  
Stagna, viam scindens, humero supereminet undas.

We have the example also of another hero, whose practice it was to walk

per æquor

Medium, nec dum fluctus latera ardua tinxit.

Great, however, as Bevis was, he condescended to be warden at the gate of the earls of Arundel ; who built this tower for his reception, and supplied him with two hogsheads of beer every week, a whole ox, and a proportional quantity of bread and mustard. It is true the dimensions of the tower are only proportioned to a man of moderate size, but such an inconsistence is nothing when opposed to the traditions of a country.

Having

Having passed through three gates, each guarded by a port-cullis, we found ourselves in a large square, the area of the castle; the sides of which contain the ancient mansion of the sovereign of the place. One of these sides is in its primitive state; another was rebuilt in a low modern taste, by the last duke of Norfolk; the third is a ruin, where formerly stood the chapel; and the fourth is a wall of separation between the habitable part of the castle and the garden, which was formerly an appendage to the citadel. The ruins of this last-mentioned building, raised on a lofty artificial mound, and deeply moated round, stand in the middle of the garden. Nothing now remains but the circular wall of a tower unequally broken, with the appearance, here and there, of some other fragment. This ruin is, however, the most picturesque part of the whole castle.

The present duke of Norfolk\* being desirous of having the castle re-instated in its primitive form, sent, at three different times, antiquarians to examine it accurately, but they

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\* This was written in 1774, but the castle has received great alteration since that time.

could not make out the plan. He proposed, it is said, if the whole scheme of the castle could have been recovered, to have spent a hundred thousand pounds in restoring it. It is not, however, to be lamented that his design miscarried. It might have defaced a beautiful ruin, and obtained in return only an awkward house. The castle is, however, in its present state habitable, though not fit for the reception of a ducal retinue. It consists of several good rooms, and a handsome gallery ; but on the whole it displays evident tokens of the neglect of its master. The walls are of immense thickness, insomuch, that a chamber of considerable dimensions, is cut out of one of them, and still leaves sufficient substance.

The country towards the sea is low, and flat ; and the castle commands a view over it, as far as the isle of Wight. It is supposed the sea once washed the very walls of the castle, near which anchors, and other marine implements, have been found. The duke has made the river navigable to the town, at a great expence. The work was at first thought imprudent : but it now brings him a very good return ; and is, besides, of great use to the country.

All the buildings of the castle are supposed to be faced with Caen-stone ; as indeed most of the churches, and old family seats in this country seem to have been. The tradition is, that the French supplied their English neighbours with stone, and the English supplied them with timber. The quarries of Portland were not then discovered.

Near the castle is an old church, which was formerly an appendage to a religious house. In a sacristy adjoining to it, the earls of Arundel have for many generations been buried. It contains some noble remains of monumental antiquity.

In Arundel castle we spent several hours, owing chiefly to the civilities of the priest, who joined us with great courtesy, and invited us to fast with him (as it was a fish-day) on a dish of Arundel mullets. We accepted his invitation, and feasted deliciously. From him we had most of the information given above. Among other things he shewed us, in the chapel, with an openness rather uncommon, the rich vestments which were used in the celebration of the several holidays. With these the drapery of the altar, which was always changed with the priest's vestments, corresponded.

sponded. We were surprized at seeing so much of the magnificence of the church of Rome in a private chapel. But the duke of Norfolk, as head of the catholics in England, made a point of keeping up the *dignity of his religion*. The altar was adorned with a good picture (I believe) by Janeiro.

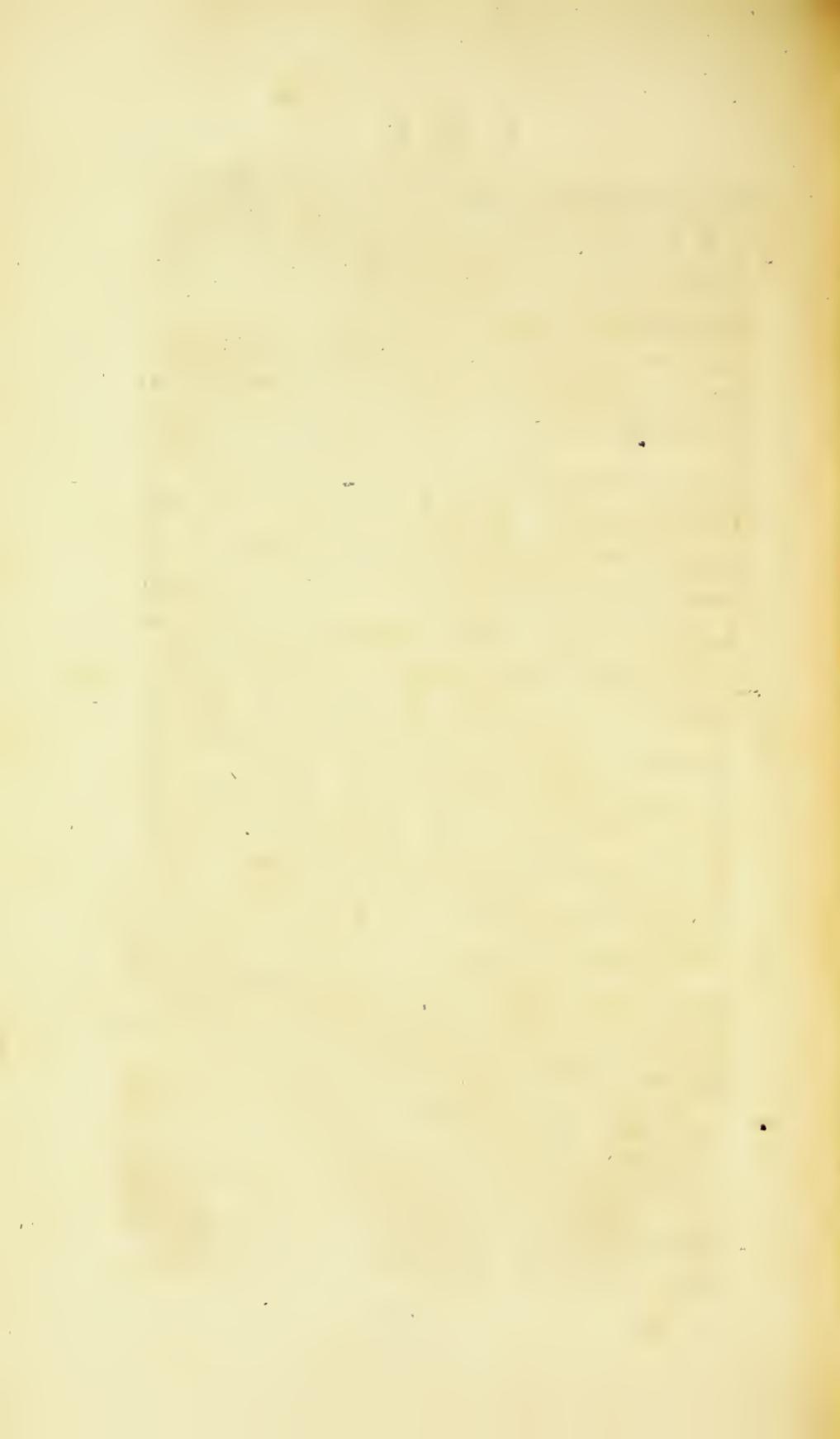
Arundel castle was the first hospitable mansion which received the empress Maud, when she landed in England to dispute her claims with Stephen. It was at that time the seat of the beautiful Ediliza, relict of Henry I. This lady hearing of Maud's landing at Portsmouth, gave her a friendly invitation, which was accepted. The vigilant Stephen, soon apprized of her motions, appeared suddenly before the castle with a well appointed army.

The dowager queen sent him this spirited message: "She had received the empress as her friend, not as his enemy. She had no intention of interfering in the quarrel, in which that lady was engaged; and therefore begged the king would give leave to her royal guest to quit Arundel, and try her fortune in some other part of England. But, (added she), if you are determined to besiege her here, I will suffer the last extremity of war rather than give

give her up, or suffer the laws of hospitality to be injured." Stephen, who was as generous as he was brave, granted Ediliza's request, and the empress retired to Bristol.

During the civil wars of the last century, Arundel castle did not answer the expectations, which people had of its strength and situation. It had been in the hands of the parliament from the beginning of the war, and was esteemed one of their principal bulwarks in those parts. About the end of the year 1643, Lord Hopton, with a view to compensate an unsuccessful summer, brought his forces suddenly before it; and received it on the first summons. But in less than two months Sir William Waller retook it as suddenly:—In neither siege its strength was tried—the garrison in each instance was intimidated. At the latter surrender, Waller found in it the learned Chillingworth, who being of the royal party, had taken refuge there. The fatigues he had undergone, and the usage he met with from the conquering troops, cost him his life.

As we leave Arundel castle we have a good retrospect of it, the only view in which it makes any appearance at a distance: though here the castle part being hid, it loses its dignity, and appears only like an ancient mansion.



## SECTION VI.

*Road to Petworth—view from the heights of Bury—Petworth house—South-downs—Sizeburgh—Bramber—Southwick—Shoreham—Brighthelmstone—the coast and country around it—mackerel fishing.*

FROM Arundel, instead of going, as we intended, to Brighthelmstone, we first made a short excursion to Petworth, passing over the heights of Bury; which make a part of that long range of high ground called the South-downs; and overlook an extensive tract of country. Through the whole of this view, we could trace the windings of the Arun, which varies the scene, by forming in many places small pieces of water. These little lakes, and the banks of the river, are adorned often with beautiful tufted groves and buildings; among which Amberley castle is conspicuous. When we descend these heights, the road to Petworth leads over tiresome commons: but, as we approach the town, the country suddenly changes for the better.

Petworth house is a noble pile: but it stands awkwardly. It is close to the town, and the

*back-front* (if we may use an inaccurate term for the want of a better) opens into the church-yard. The approach too is sudden, and ill-managed. The house itself, though magnificent in its appearance, contains no very grand apartments, nor any pictures of consequence, except a few portraits\*. It is decorated also with a large collection of antiques; many of which are not perhaps the better for having had their broken limbs restored.

From Petworth we returned to Arundel; and from thence winding, in our way to Brighthelmstone, four or five miles among woody lanes, we suddenly emerged again upon the South-downs. Near the entrance of them, the road descends into a bottom, where Sir John Shelly has a very formal mansion; the groves on one side, answering those of the other.

These downs are far from being level plains. They afford great variety of ground, but the surface is smooth, and totally unadorned. It is a singular circumstance that from Chichester and Midhurst, as far as Lewes,

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\* It will be remembered this was written in 1774.

these downs descend in a gradual slope to the sea ; but in the opposite direction they break down *abruptly*, and often form promontories projecting, in beautiful perspective, into their several vales. At present, however, we were travelling over those parts of them only, which look towards the sea. One of the hills which we leave on the right, called Sizburgh, has been a considerable Roman station. The remains of its works mark it to have been a place of no ordinary consequence.—Between the intersections of the hills we had often views of the sea, which gave some little spirit to the downy sameness of the landscape.

Having travelled several miles on these lofty downs we fell into a woody bottom ; and in our descent had a very extensive view into Surrey, as far as Box-hill. In this bottom lies the town of Bramber ; once a place of note, and defended by a castle, of which at this time little remains but the fragment of a tower. From hence the downs expand again, smooth, hilly, and extensive. They are solitary tracts of land. Here and there a shepherd and his flock appeared on the side of a hill ; which were almost the only objects we met.

We

We now approached the sea, which had often before closed our views with a distance. We were yet upon high land: Southwick, Shoreham, and other towns appeared lying at our feet in creeks, or winding bays, adorned each with its little harbour, and coasting vessels.

Soon after we reached Brighthelmstone, a disagreeable place. There is scarce an object either in it or near it, of nature or of art, that strikes the eye with any degree of beauty \*. The sea will always be a grand object, and is generally accompanied with some circumstances of beauty; but here it is adorned with no rocky shore, nor winding coast, nor any other pleasing accompaniment. Nature, contrary to her usual practice, has here laid out the coast by a straight line. Natural carpeting, however, she has furnished in great abundance;—the downs on one side, and the beach on the other,—which makes walking or riding an agreeable exercise.—The cliff on which Brighthelmstone stands, is composed of a mouldering clay; and the sea has gained upon it, at least fifty yards in the memory of

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\* The reader will recollect this was written in 1774.

man. A fort which stood on the edge of the cliff, gave way in the year 1761, and was shattered into a ruin; but it is now taken entirely down.

One of the most picturesque sights we met with at Brighthelmstone, was the sailing of a fleet of mackerel-boats to take their evening station for fishing, which they commonly continue through the night. The sun was just setting when all appeared to be alive. Every boat began to weigh anchor and unmoor. It was amusing to see them under so many different forms. Some in a still calm, with flagging sails, were obliged to assist their motion with oars: others were just getting into the breeze, which rippled the water around them, and began gently to swell their sails; while the fleet, the water, and the whole horizon, glowed with one rich harmonious tint from the setting sun.



## SECTION VII.

*Approach to Lewes—castle of Lewes—battle of Lewes—Lewes priory—letter to Lord Cromwell—road to Battel—Hurstmonceux castle—approach to Battel abbey—account of it—pedigree roll—description of the abbey—the great barn—remarks on the situation of the abbey.*

FROM Brighthelmstone the road to Lewes winds along the bottom of a downy valley, the sides of which slope gently into it, in various directions. Lewes appears at the distance of a mile, lying under chalky hills. If the hills were not chalky, Lewes would be pleasantly situated: but chalk disfigures any landscape.

Of the castle of Lewes, (which was once a considerable fortress,) nothing remains but a ruined citadel; which has been built, like the citadel at Arundel, in a circular form, round the top of a hill, encircled with towers at different distances. It is not in itself an unpicturesque fragment; but some busy hand has been employed in making hanging gardens around it, and adding other decorations, which only discover how much the improver missed his

his aim by endeavouring to shew his taste. It is among the first principles which should guide every improver, that all contiguous objects should suit each other, and likewise the situation in which they are placed. A modern building admits modern improvements,—a ruin rejects them. This rule, though founded in nature, and obvious to sense, is scarcely ever observed. Wherever we see a ruin in the hands of improvement, we may be almost sure of seeing it deformed.

But you say, a ruin may stand as an ornament in an improved scene.

It may: but it must appear, that the improved scene does not belong to the ruin, but the ruin got accidentally into the improved scene. No improvement, however, should come within the precincts of the ruin. Deformities alone may be removed: and if the ruin retire into some sequestered place, and is seen only through trees, or rising above some skreening wood, its situation would be better, than if it stood a glaring object in full sight.

Under the walls of this fortres was fought the celebrated battle of Lewes, which decided the great cause between Henry III. and his barons. Here first shone the military prowess of

of Edward I.; but his valour at that early period was rashness, and proved fatal to his father.

Below the town are the remains of a priory; but nothing very interesting is left. It was never, indeed, a house of much consequence, though it was richly endowed. It maintained only fifteen monks, but its domains were so extensive, that it is said they are now worth annually between twenty and thirty thousand pounds. With what furious zeal the reformers of the sixteenth century destroyed these beautiful fabrics, merely from the little profit of their lead, and other materials, deducted from the expence of destroying them, appears from a letter still preserved in the Cotton library, which was written to Lord Cromwell on the destruction of this priory. The following is an extract from it:

—“ I told your lordship of a vault (a vaulted room) borne up with four pillars, having about it five chapels. All this went down Thursday and Friday last. Now we are plucking down a higher vault. This shall down for our second work. As it goeth forward, I shall advise your lordship from time to time. We brought from London seventeen persons, three carpen-

carpenters, two plumbers, and one to keep the furnace. Ten hew the walls about. They are exercised much better than the men we found here in the country ; but we must both have more men, and other things that we have need of. Thursday they began to cast the lead ; and it shall be done with as much diligence and saving as may be ; so that our trust is your lordship shall be much satisfied.

“ *Lewes, March 24th, 1537.*”

From Lewes, in our way to Battle, we first mounted a continuation of those high chalky downs, which we had already passed on the other side of Lewes. As we descended, we entered a rich, flat, winding country, where we found some of the noblest oaks in England. From hence we soon came in sight of that vast, uniform, extended surface called Pevensey level, stretching away far to the right towards the sea. These immense plains, uninteresting in a picturesque light, give a swell to the imagination, which distends itself in the contemplation of them. They are the more valuable, as they rarely occur ; the scenery of most

most countries being broken into a variety of parts, which destroy the idea of unity.

As we passed the confines of Pevensey level, we leave behind us the ruins of Hurstmonceaux castle \*, which has formerly been an immense pile. It stands low; but its towers appear from the road, among trees, with a distance beyond them. It was built probably in the time of Henry VII., when brick, of which it is composed, came first into use. Pevensey castle also appears at a great distance, on the shores of the level. On the spot, it is a structure which carries us into very remote times: indeed, it boasts unknown antiquity..

From the borders of Pevensey level, a few miles before we reach Battel, the ground begins to rise into woody swells. The chief objects in this district are Ashburnham park, and Penshurst, both of which lye only a few miles out of the great road. They are complete contrasts to each other. The former is a grand, modern house, richly furnished; and surrounded with woods and lawns of thepre-

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\* It is now, I believe, nearly demolished for the sake of its materials.

sent day. Penshurst, still in its antique dress, shews us the habitation, nearly in the form in which it was once enlivened by Sir Philip Sidney, and Waller's Sacharissa, whose portraits still adorn it. The hall is hung round with ancient armour\*; the walls with ancient tapestry; and you may yet measure the oak, which was planted on the day of Sir Philip Sidney's birth.

The ruins of Battle Abbey present no very promising appearance as we approach them. A large kind of barn-like form strikes the eye, with a few broken walls and buttresses incompassed with trees. But, on the spot, it appears to have been a very rich and noble edifice; rebuilt probably, at least the greater part of it, in the times of the later Henries, when architecture had laid aside the Saxon heaviness, and taken a lighter and more embellished form, under the denomination of Gothic. It was founded by the conqueror, after the battle of Hastings, as an atonement for the death of Harold, and the blood of four-score thousand English, which he had shed in that memorable conflict. When it was finished,

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\* I have heard the armour is now removed.

William made an offering of his sword and coronation robe, at the high altar. These insignia were shewn many years afterwards as the curiosities of the place. In this abbey too was preserved a roll of all the Normans of consequence, who came into England with William. Modern antiquarians, however, have been much inclined to doubt the authenticity of this record. A Norman pedigree was, for many ages, a matter of high honour; and it is supposed the monks used themselves occasionally to confer it. Nothing was necessary but to make a new roll, and destroy the old one.

Battle abbey is now converted into a modern dwelling, and is another instance, within these few pages, of this vicious mode of deforming a ruin. A mixture of old buildings and new, reminds us of the barbarous cruelty on record of uniting living bodies to dead :

*Mortua quinetiam jungebat corpora vivis  
Componens.*

Only here the injury is greater. The barbarian, of whom this fact is related, only injured the living, but the modern barbarian injures both the living and the dead. The habitable house suffers equally with the ruin to, which it is

joined. Besides, the modern mansion requires the hand of neatness and elegance about it; which the ruin totally abhors. It is the hand of nature alone, that can confer that grandeur, and solemnity in which ruins delight.

The ruins of Battle abbey occupy nearly three sides of a large square; though they run into much irregularity along the Hastings road. The middle side of the square is converted into the dwelling; the two wings are still in ruin. I should suppose that originally there had been another side, which was probably taken down, to let in the country, when the scene was modernized; for the grand entrance is on one of the sides, and faces the principal street of the town of Battle, which is now rather awkward; but would have been a noble entrance, if there had been four sides. The great gate of this entrance is a very rich, and elegant piece of Gothic architecture; but, on the side which faces the town; and on that which faces the square. It is known by the name of the *castle*, and is used at Battle as a town-house. If Sir W. Webster, the proprietor, had made it the approach to his house, it would have been perhaps the grandest entrance in England.

The

The other side of the square, which is opposite to this grand gateway, consists only of two long, low, parallel walls, which terminate in two elegant columnal turrets. The two walls supported once a row of chambers; but they have since undergone great revolutions. Through the common accidents of time, they first became ruins, and might then perhaps have possessed some beauty. Afterwards, all idea of ruin was removed; the two parallel walls were smoothed at the top, levelled to an equal height; and are now objects both disagreeable and useless.

But the remaining side of the square, which is converted into a dwelling house, hath suffered the greatest depredations. Here stood formerly the abbey church; though the ground-plot cannot now be traced. It was probably a very beautiful piece of architecture. Nine elegant arches, now filled up, are almost all that is left. They seem to have belonged formerly to the inside of a cloister: now they appear on the outside of the house. All is transposition; and the imagination is left to conceive the beautiful effect, which a Gothic tower; and the remains of broken aisles and cloisters would have had in the room of a

patched, and aukward habitation. Contiguous to the great church are the ruins of a hall; but they contain nothing that is interesting.

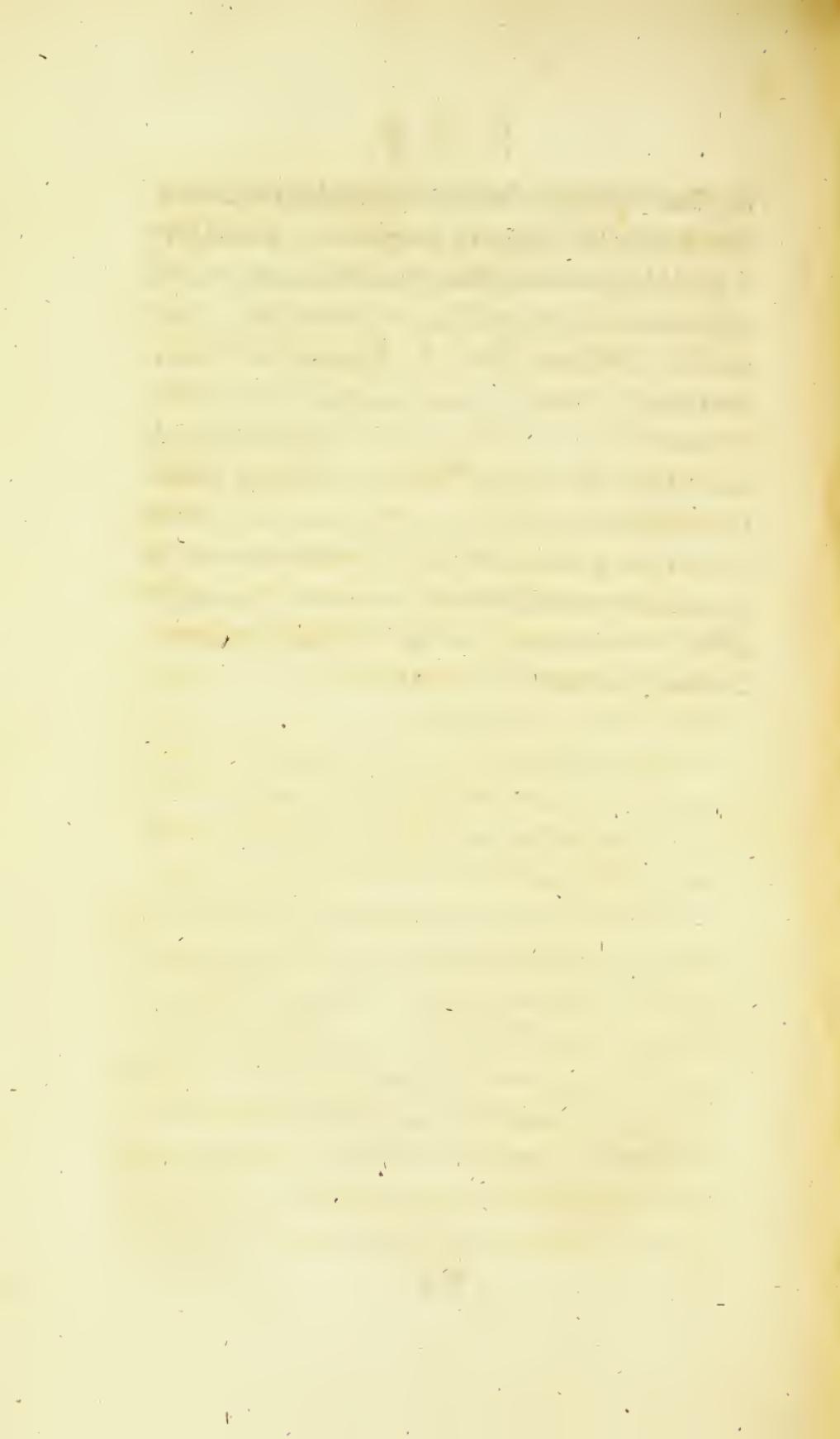
But there is a building of this kind, a little detached from the abbey, which is very beautiful. At a distance it appeared like a barn\*; as indeed that is the character which at present it maintains. No gentleman in England, perhaps, has such a barn, as Sir W. Webster. It is a superb room; though its dimensions (forty-eight paces by eleven) are not quite proportioned. It has eleven windows on one side; though fewer on the other; but the whole is in a good stile of Gothic. It has a ponderous aukward roof, which is a modern acquisition. Its original use seems to have been to entertain the whole country, when the monks gave a general feast to their tenants. The smaller hall, near the great church, served probably the ordinary use of the fraternity. Under this hall, which is raised by a flight of steps, I am informed, are very superb vaulted stables, which are in as great a stile as the edifice which they support.

This abbey is pleasantly situated; though its site was determined by accident. History tells

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\* See page 50.

us, that the high altar was placed on the very spot where the body of Harold was found. It is probable, indeed, that Harold's death might determine the *general site* of the abbey ; but not the *particular spot*. I reason merely from the situation, which appears evidently the result of selection. In the whole neighbourhood we did not see a place, where a building could have stood so happily. It stands on a gentle rise ; with a beautiful concave sweep before it of meadows and woods confined by woody hills ; which form a valley winding towards Hastings, where it meets the sea.



## SECTION VIII.

*Winchelsea—the action of the sea upon coasts—Rye—Romney—Romney-marsh.*

THROUGH this wooded valley the road to Hastings leads. The high grounds, under which we passed, afford from some parts, particularly about Crowhurst, the seat of Mr. Pelham, grand sea-views, which appear to great advantage over a rich wooded country. These views extend as far as Boulogne and Calais, which in clear weather, are distinctly seen. The late General Murray's house at Beauport commands the same view, in perhaps a still wider extent.

Hastings, so noted in history, where William I. landed, and burnt his fleet, is now a miserable place without a port. The few vessels that have business there, are hauled up by windlasses upon the beach: and the magnificent castle, which once defended it, can hardly now be traced in its ruins. It is worth visiting however, were it only for the grand sea-coast view, which is presented from the rocky

rocky hills, under which it stands; consisting chiefly of the vast sweeping line of Pevensey-bay, bounded by the lofty promontory of Beachey-head, one of the most magnificent forelands upon the coast of England.

From Hastings we pursued our way to Winchelsea; whither we are led by two different roads: but the best carriage-road is by Broomham. Parallel with this road, between it and the sea, run the heights of Fairlight-downs, which command an uncommon circuit of beautiful landscape. It consists chiefly of sea-views; but they are interspersed, with many interesting objects, which form good pictures. There is probably a road to Winchelsea over these downs; but as it cannot be good, we took the road by Broomham.

Here Sir William Ashburnham has a seat. It is much neglected, but the situation is good, and the grounds around it capable of great improvement. We are so often hurt by seeing beautiful scenes mismanaged by artificial contrivances, that when we meet one capable of receiving all the beauties of nature, we cannot help lamenting the chance it runs of falling

falling at some time into the hands of those, who think improvement consists in ornament; and cannot distinguish between a *conceit* and an *effect*.

About a mile beyond Broomham a view opens from the road, which is singularly beautiful and picturesque. A lofty tree or two on the foreground, spread their branches over half the sky. In the first distance an oak-wood on the right, and a rich pasture on the left, both descending, form a valley between them. Over this valley is seen in the distance the lofty promontory of Rye; and beyond that, the high grounds above Folkestone and Dover. The sea fills the remote part of the landscape; and appears here and there, insinuating itself; and glittering among the broken shores of Rye, and Romney.

Winchelsea (which was our next object) stands upon the flat summit of a rising ground, about two miles in circumference; and united to the main land only by a narrow isthmus. Except in that part, it was formerly surrounded by the flowing tide. Walls and ramparts  
it

it needed none: the hill on which it stood, was edged with perpendicular rocks, and at full sea rose from the water's edge. An excellent harbour, perfectly secure from the piratical attempts of those times, gave it superiority over all the cinque ports. Trade flourished—buildings increased—churches and religious houses arose in every part—and a castle was built by Henry VIII. for its defence. In a word, it grew into a town of greater splendour than any town in England, except the capital.

But the sea, which gave it all this consequence, retiring from its shores, carried all this consequence away. About the end of Elizabeth the calamity of a retiring sea, of which symptoms had long been observed, began in earnest to be felt. The channel, which led ships to the harbour, was first choked; and by insensible degrees the whole coast being deserted, Winchelsea stands now two miles from the sea; and is surrounded by a marsh, instead of a flowing tide. This marsh is converted into good pasturage. But the wealth of Winchelsea arose from trade, not from pasturage; and the rich merchant finding he

could flourish here no longer, packed up his goods, and migrated to such places, as gave him an opportunity to vend them.

In the mean time Winchelsea declined apace. Its houses and churches became ruins; and desolation spread over the whole compass of the hill, on which it stood: insomuch that a town, once spreading over a surface of two miles in circumference, is now shrunk into a few houses in a corner of its ancient site; and the traveller sees nothing but the skeleton of its former splendor. Its spacious streets, laid out at right angles, may yet be traced: its gates still remain—a variety of Gothic ruins are scattered over the whole surface of the peninsula—and curious crypts and vaults, where the merchant deposited his wines, the principal trade of the place, may yet be seen. We hardly find in history an instance of so flourishing a town reduced to such a state of intire insignificance.

The painter however gains from what the merchant has lost. He gets several pieces of Gothic ruin. Among them his eye is most attracted by the chapel of an ancient priory. Its walls are nearly entire—its proportions are just—its architecture elegant; and its situation

tion among lofty trees, on a projecting knoll, sets it off to advantage. The parish church too is a fine old remnant of a Gothic priory; and the grey stone, of which it is constructed, is beautifully tinted with all the stains, that an incrusted vegetation can give. The painter also gains more probably from the marsh, than he formerly could have gained from the sea. It is furnished with groupes of cattle, and bounded with noble objects—the promontory of Rye on one side, and Winchelsea on another, with a wooded, or rocky country all round.

The operation of the sea upon coasts, sometimes in deserting them, and sometimes in gaining upon them, appears to be among the most surprizing phenomena of nature: and though its agency is so sportive, that it has all the appearance of caprice, it is governed by certain, and regular causes. On the coast of Hampshire, a little to the west of the Isle of Wight, the sea gains considerably on the land. In a few miles farther, on the east of Arundel, the land is deserted. A little farther to the east on the same coast, at Brighthelmstone, the sea gains again. And here at Winchelsea, only a few miles farther, it loses. Many eccentric deviations

deviations it probably makes on other coasts: these few contrarieties we marked in the space of a few leagues. — If however all these operations be attended to, it will be found that the sea is very regular both in its depredations, and desertions. Where the land is high, and the sea *cannot overflow it*, the continual beating of waves will make an impression by degrees; unless it consist of very stubborn rock. In all the looser parts, the earth will give way; which is the case of the high grounds about Brighthemlstone: and if the shore be rocky; when the soil is washed off, the rocks will become insulated, like the needle-rocks at the western end of the Isle of Wight; or perhaps they may fall off in fragments.

Again, when the coast is low, and the tides *overflow* it, they are continually depositing sand, and ooze, or gravel, which by degrees become firm land, and keep back the sea. In this way the low coasts about Arundel and Winchelsea, have been gradually encreasing.

Various causes indeed, such as currents, bold head-lands, sand-banks, reefs of rocks, or sheltered bays, may counteract the sea in both operations; but when no foreign causes inter-  
vene,

vene, its action will be regular, in the manner just described.

Opposite to Winchelsea, a few miles farther along the coast, stands Rye; which rose into consequence, as Winchelsea decreased. It overlooks a marshy flat; which appears from the high grounds too much cut, for picturesque beauty, into various channels, to let out the freshes and pools of salt-water, left by the tides. But the rocky, wooded coast about it well deserves the notice of the picturesque traveller; and the interior of the country to a great extent, which is hilly, and well wooded, offers frequent home-scenes in its vallies and grand distances.

The harbour of Rye often affords seasonable relief, to vessels beating about the coast. It afforded shelter to two of our kings; the two first Georges, in their return from Hanover. They were both driven by storms into Rye; one in January 1725; and the other in December 1736.

On the day we were at Rye, the tide had risen to an extraordinary height: higher than had



2



had been known in the memory of man ; and we found the town much alarmed by it. It had washed away gardens ; entered houses ; and done considerable damage. But (what was most singular) the atmosphere was perfectly calm, and no cause could be assigned to occasion its rising higher, than an ordinary spring tide commonly does. The truth is the tides on this coast are sometimes affected by storms on the opposite shores ; and we found in the public papers, a week after, that there had been, at that time, a violent storm on the coast of Holland.

From Rye we proceeded to Romney, over that stretch of level plain (formerly in possession of the sea) called Romney marsh ; extending twenty miles, and containing many thousand acres. And yet it has not the grandeur of an undivided surface. It is every where intersected by deep sludgy canals, and separated into square portions by noisome ditches ; forming the most disagreeable face of country, that can well be conceived. Scarce a tree is to be seen. Here and there stands a lonely cottage, or barn, like a solitary watch-

house. The road is generally laid out by a line, banked up; and confined on each side by a wide ditch. The whole country towards the sea is so flat, that the eye never gets out of it. The towers of Lidd, Romney, and of one or two other churches staring here and there, from a naked horizon, are the only objects of distance which the place affords. Even the sea is excluded, though we were within a few miles of it. And yet this country, disagreeable as it is, is fertile in pasturage, and luxuriant in a great degree. The numerous flocks it feeds surprize the traveller; and are indeed the chief amusement the place affords. Though it is called a *marsh*, yet the oozy foil being spread over a stratum of sand, or gravel is drained from all that moisture which is injurious to sheep, and affords them a dry, rich and plentiful nourishment.—But though Romney marsh is so disagreeable a tract of country in itself, and so naked towards the sea, its boundaries on the land-side are marked by hills very finely wooded.





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## SECTION IX.

*Road between Romney and Hyth—this flat coast described—sea-banks described—church at Hyth—charnel-house—Sandgate castle.*

**F**ROM Romney we pursued the coast to Dover, through the same kind of flat, marshy country, only modified in a better form. It is not intersected with ditches, and affords in many places views of the sea; some of which are adorned with winding coasts. Near Hyth particularly, which lies about three miles beyond the marsh, the shore forms a good line round a promontory ornamented with Lynn castle on the top, and Hyth near the bottom.

All this flat coast, now so rich a pasture, was formerly covered with the sea, which retreats still farther from it every year; but its retreat is so low, that it is scarce perceptible in an age. As it is, however, unremitted, in a course of centuries it becomes considerable. In some parts near the sea, we observed vegetation only just commencing. It seemed a strife between sterile sand and the genial powers,

of nature: something like what the poets tell us of the first efforts of creation ;

— Primam mundo natura figuram  
Cum daret, in dubio pelagi, terræque reliquit.

A few thin piles of grass were struggling for existence. Here the grass prevailed, and there the sand. In another century the powers of unremitting nature will decide the contest; the sand will disappear, and the whole will become, like the ground in its neighbourhood, a rich velvet carpet.

The savannahs, along which we had passed, having been gained from the sea, the proprietors think it prudent to secure their acquisitions by erecting high banks against the tide. These banks are enormous mounds of earth, running in some places through a space of four or five miles. They are sloped, and strongly wattled on the side next the sea, to baffle the force of the waves. Along the top of these banks runs the road, which is disagreeable enough, when the tide is high and rough, as it was when we passed it. The waves threatened to break over the bank on

one

one side, and a precipice threatened us on the other. The Almighty, it is true, hath set the ocean *bounds which it cannot pass*, but we have no reason to believe that man is invested with such a power. And, in fact, the sea very often breaks over these bounds, and asserts its own again; filling the country with terror and desolation. The very evening before we came hither, the tide arose so high, that the last waves of it washed over the bank; and if the wind had blown from the sea, and given it the least additional force, it is possible a great part of the marsh would have been laid under water. When the tide ebbs, the traveller passes below the bank more pleasantly along the sandy beach.

In the church at Hyth, which is an old building, the elevation of the chancel has a good effect, and shews in miniature what grandeur would accompany such an elevation in churches of larger dimensions, and more superb architecture. In a charnel-house belonging to this church, is preserved a great pile of human bones, which were found where tradition has fixed the scene of a battle between the Britons and the Danes; and it is the more probable they are bones of men slain in battle,

as it does not appear there are among them the bones either of women or of children. Indeed, this whole country is full of camps, burying places, and other monuments of invasion ; which was more frequent in this part of the kingdom, than in any other.

Sand-gate castle, as we rode past it, is the object of a good view. It derives its name from a vast beach of sand, which the eye scarce distinguishes from the distant sea, when the light falls upon it in some directions. A well-shaped hill makes a good back-ground to the castle.

## SECTION X.

*Road from Folkstone to Dover—high ground of chalk and rock, intersected with vallies—knights-templars—Rodigunda's abbey—story of Rodigunda.*

At Sandgate we leave the sea, and at Folkstone, which is about three miles farther, we began to mount the cliffs towards Dover. The rivulet in the valley where Folkstone stands, divides a rocky substratum from a chalky one; which latter extends to the eastern extremity of the island, ending in the north and south forelands. It may be observed too, that the chalk hills are, throughout Kent, higher than the rock hills.

These high grounds are sometimes intersected with vallies, of which one or two are beautifully wooded. Much of these lands belonged formerly to religious houses; particularly to the knights-templars, who had large possessions in this country. Here also, about two miles on the left from the Dover road, stands the abbey of St. Rodigunda; seated, as

abbeys seldom are, on high ground; but no part of it remains that is worth examining.

The saint to whom this abbey is dedicated, was of German extraction, and is little known in England: indeed, the legends of popish saints are generally too ridiculous to deserve notice; but the story of St. Rodigunda is told with such an air of probability, and is enlivened with circumstances so agreeable to the manners and superstitious piety of the age, in which she lived, that if it be not a true story, it is at least a consistent one. The industrious Dugdale has given us her history; from whom the following circumstances are extracted,

Clothair I. king of France, having engaged successfully in a German war, over-ran Thuringia; where, among other plunder, his troops carried off Rodigunda, the daughter of Berthier, king of that country. She was yet a girl, yet of so beautiful a form, that she was presented to Clothair. The king, struck with her birth, beauty, and modest demeanour, instantly resolved to make her his queen; and in the mean time consigned her to the care of a neighbouring convent to complete her education. But Rodigunda soon shewed an utter contempt for pomp, and worldly grandeur. A

settled

settled piety took possession of her heart. The rigid fasts and penances of the cloister, though in her situation not required, were her supreme delight; and many times she wished that her hard fate, instead of ordaining her to wear a crown, had placed her in the envied situation of her humble sisters.—Her destiny, however, withstood. Her age had now attained the prime of youth and beauty, and Clothair thought it time to lead her from a cloister to a throne.

But the *possession* of worldly grandeur made no more impression on Rodigunda's heart, than the *contemplation* of it had done. She was a mere pageant of state. Her lifeless form was in a palace; but her heart and soul were in a cloister; and though she could not practise all that strictness, which a sequestered life allowed, yet what she could do, she did. She religiously avoided all amusements, in which young people take most delight;—she abstained from all food, that was most palatable to her; and beneath her robes of state she always wore, like her sisters, a haircloth shift.

Yet even thus she could not quiet the remonstrances of her conscience. In short, after much inward conflict, she withdrew suddenly from

from court, and retired to a convent, where she took the veil. If any scruple arose, she eased it by reflecting that religion had her first vows,—that she had been espoused to Christ,—that her matrimonial ties were only secondary,—that her heart had never been given with her hand,—and God regarded only the marriage of the heart.

Clothair, however, was not satisfied with such reasoning; and prepared to invade the convent, and carry off the fair refugee by force. But the archbishop of Paris withheld; and boldly opposing the king, pointed out the crime of robbing the church of so distinguished a saint.

Rodigunda thus left to herself, founded the convent of Holy Cross at Poitiers. Here she became eminent, beyond all the religious of those times, for works of piety and austerity. It is recorded of her, that her greatest earthly pleasure was to dress, with her own hands, the sores and ulcers of persons afflicted with leprosy, and other loathsome distempers. Thus, full of good works, she died in the year 1587; and having disdained to be a queen, she received the higher honour of a saint.

Such

Such is the story of St. Rodigunda, as recorded in popish legends ; and though it is more naturally coloured, than most of the portraits of this kind, yet perhaps it will still be more true to nature, if we add a few other touches from *probability*.

Rodigunda, we may suppose, was a pious, weak woman ; and had her head filled with visions and exstacies, in the convent in which she had been educated. When she was advanced to a throne, her confessor, and other priests, instead of pointing out to her the duties of her station,—what good she might do in it,—and how wrong it was to break her plighted faith,—were continually impressing her imagination with the glories of saintship, which they would tell her she might certainly obtain, if she would purchase them with a crown. Her religion too, it might have been suggested, and in particular the whole monastic order, would receive an everlasting triumph from a votary, who had scorned a palace for a convent.—The matter, we may suppose, was in this train, and the lady's imagination wrought up to the pitch required, when the archbishop of Paris, who was probably at the bottom of the whole affair, stepped forth, and completed the business.



## SECTION XI.

*First view of Dover-castle—comparison between the sea, and land, rock—remarks on Shakspere's description of Dover cliff—best view of it—connection between different countries—Dover—the harbour—the castle—a Roman pharos—curious brass cannon—the noisy bustle, which attends the sailing of the packet—the harbour by moon-light.*

HAVING regained the road from St. Rodriguez's abbey, we found we had now mounted the chief ascent of the hill, which we had begun to ascend from Folkstone; and continued our rout to Dover on high ground. The inequalities are neither many, nor great. But from some of the higher parts we had extensive views of the sea; and of the French coast beyond it. We had a view also of Dover-castle, which had the appearance, where the sea is hid, of an inland-fortress rising between two hills.—The ground among these swelling inequalities, lies often beautifully; but the chalk-cliffs before us were disagreeable. At best, the *sea-coast rock*, is inferior to the *land rock* from its want of accompaniments. But the *chalky cliff* is still in a lower stile. It is a

blank glaring surface with little beauty, either of form, or colour; and in *these cliffs* the zigzag edges occasioned by the shivering of the chalk at the top, adds to the disagreeableness of their appearance.

It is the cliff on this side of Dover, which is dignified by Shakspeare's description; if it can be called a description, which takes in alone the circumstance of *height*. The poet is accused of colouring an ordinary subject too highly; but the fact is he does not colour at all. He only marks those *sensations*, which arise from standing on a precipice. Of the precipice itself he says nothing. And indeed very little can be said of it. Like all other chalk cliffs, it is in general an unpleasing object. From some parts however, particularly from the Pier-head, and under Arch-cliff fort, it makes the principal feature of a good view; in which the other parts of the coast retire behind it, in perspective, as far as Folkstone.

In the animal world we see one *genus* connected with another, by some particular *species*, which partakes of both. It is thus in countries, the smooth and the rough generally unite

unite imperceptibly. It is thus also in communities. The inhabitant of Dover, for instance, is a kind of connecting thread between an Englishman and a Frenchman; partaking in some degree of both. His customs, and manners are half English and half French. His dress also borders on that of his opposite neighbour. In Dover you may eat beef with an Englishman; or ragouts with a Frenchman. The language of both nations are equally understood. The town is full of French; and you may converse either with them, or your own countrymen at pleasure. The very signs are inscribed in both languages. The same remarks I suppose may be made at Calais.

Dover is but an ordinary town, overhung with chalky cliffs: the streets are narrow, and the houses ill-built. The harbour has much contrivance in it, consisting of four distinct basins, which are formed by wooden piers. The two first are open to the sea: the third is secured by a curious swinging bridge; and the folding leaves of a draw bridge confine the fourth.

The castle stands on a hill about half a mile from the town. As it was opposite to France,

France, it was of great consequence, before we trusted in our *wooden walls*. We are not surprised therefore at finding it one of the noblest objects of the kind in England. It is rather indeed a town than a castle. It occupies thirty acres of land; and is divided into so many detached parts, that no view can be taken of the whole together, except at a distance.

The hill on which it stands, rises steeply on every side; and towards the sea is a precipice of an hundred and twenty feet in perpendicular height. The castle has been originally built on a regular plan; but frequent additions, and alterations have introduced great confusion among its parts.

The whole is surrounded by a ditch, and a wall fortified with towers. Within this wall the castle divides into two grand parts, each of which contains a strong citadel. One of these citadels is a heavy square tower, walled and ditched round. The other is less, but stands higher. This latter tower boasts its origin from Julius Cæsar. It has been strongly fortified; and seems to have been intended for the last refuge of a garrison.—Besides the ground occupied by these buildings, a considerable portion,

tion, remains as pasture originally intended for the use of the garrison in a siege. The castle is supplied with water by excellent cisterns; and a plentiful well sixty-two fathoms deep.

One of the most curious parts of this castle is a pharos, or watch-tower standing near the church. Antiquarians are generally of opinion, that it is a genuine piece of Roman architecture.

We cannot, without notice, pass by a very curious piece of brass cannon in this fortress, which was presented by the States of Holland to Queen Elizabeth. It is remarkable for being twenty-two feet long: but it is more remarkable for being adorned with a great variety of excellent sculpture.

At Dover we spent a night; but it was a very disturbed one. The packet was to sail at midnight, when the tide served; and a great company at the inn was preparing to sail with it. I was awaked by the noise of their arrival; and soon found that as these good people could not sleep themselves, they would suffer nobody else to sleep near them. It was my misfortune to be lodged in a chamber, above that in which these noisy travellers

were collected. Here they contrived to make every possible disturbance which an inn authorises. Quiet people would have some concern for the sleepers of the house.—Here they had none—ringing bells—clattering doors—and calling in porters to carry out lumbering trunks. At the same time they kept up a loud clamour under the idea of conversation. Of what number of interlocutors they consisted, no conception could be formed, as no particular tone of voice could be distinguished; nor indeed in what language they spoke. From the sound, which ascended in one confused monotony of clamour, one would suppose that every voice strove to be principal. They happily however seemed to be in high good humour; singing and talking together; while the merry laugh made a frequent chorus to both.

As I found I could not sleep; and as the moon shone into my chamber, I dressed myself, and sat down at my window, which looked full on the harbour, to observe the busy scene before me. The tide was at its height; and the sea perfectly calm: the moon was full, and perfectly clear. The vessels, which we had seen in the evening, heeling on their sides, each in its station near the quays, were

were all now in fluctuating motion ; the harbour was brim-full, and exhibited a beautiful, and varied scene. Many of the ships, preparing to sail, were disentangling themselves from others. Their motions forward and backward, as circumstances occurred, were entertaining : and the *clamor nauticus*, in different tones, from different parts of the harbour, and from ship to ship, had an agreeable effect, through the stillness of the night, when nothing else was heard, but the gentle rippling, and suction of the water among the stones and crannies of the harbour,

— as each slowly-lifted wave,  
Creeping with silver curl, just kiss'd the shore,  
and slept in silence. —

Some of the vessels had their bright sails expanded to the moon ; while the sails of others, averted from it, or in some more remote, or obscure situation, were dingy and indistinct.—At the mouth of the harbour a gentle breeze was felt, and the sails appeared to swell. Other ships which were already at sea, were marked by lights, which glimmered and disappeared by turns, as the vessels changed their position ; or as each light was intercepted by some intervening object.

Among other sights, I had the pleasure to see, about two o'clock, my noisy friends issue out of the inn to the ship. I now saw plainly, by their dress and manners, they were French; and heard afterwards they were the suite of a French count.—On this happy riddance I retired again to bed: and endeavoured to forget the busy picture I had seen.

## SECTION XII.

Caesar's invasion—the coast—castle—different styles of military architecture—Sandwich—the Downs—effect of a violent storm in the Downs—unpicturesque appearance of the north and south Forelands—Ramsgate harbour—Mr. Smeaton—effect of his contrivance.

FROM Dover we proceeded to Deal, exchanging chalky hills for a level shore. The cliffs of Dover are, in fact, only a large knob of chalk falling down, on each side, upon a smooth level beach, and making a part of what is called the *South Foreland*. In a picturesque light they are of little value: and yet some of them, on the east of the town, which have been preserved by the pier from the violence of the sea, and are tinted with vegetation, are not without beauty.

The first great enemy of our island, soon took advantage of this sinking of the coast. He brought his ships first before Dover, where he tells us\*, in omnibus collibus expositas hostium copias armatas confpexit. Cujus loci

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\* Caesar lib. 4.

hæc erat natura. Adeo montibus angustis mare continebatur, uti ex locis superioribus in littus telum adjici posset. Hunc ad aggredendum nequaquam idoneum arbitratus locum, in anchoris expectavit.—Had the cliff formed a continued barrier, it is probable the designs of the Romans against Britain had been defeated in the first instance. But Cæsar knew the weaknesses of the coast too well. Ventum igitur et æstum, uno tempore, nactus secundum, dato signo, et sublatis anchoris, circiter millia passuum octo ab eo loco progressus, aperto et plano littore naves constituit.—This was the open coast about Deal. It tempted the first invaders of our island; and being a temptation afterwards to others, the wisdom of our ancestors fortified it by a chain of castles. Henry the Eighth applied part of the revenues of the dissolved monasteries in building, and restoring them; and they have a military air even at this day. We rode past three of them, Walmer, Deal, and Sandown. They are composed commonly of one large circular tower, encompassed by smaller towers, which are joined by short curtains. They are very compact, containing little space; and seem to have been merely intended to secure

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the natives on a sudden incursion, till the force of the country could muster.

The style of fortification in these coast-castles may properly perhaps be called the *middle style* of military architecture. The earliest castle we know in England, was the Norman; which was something between a fortress and a mansion. It was seated generally on some projecting knoll, without any regular plan. Tower was added to tower—square, or round—adhering, or projecting, just as the inequality of the ground, or the chieftain's humour prescribed.—In the middle of the area (for a lofty wall generally encompassed a spacious court) on a mound, either natural or artificial, was reared some super-eminent part, which was called the *Keep*. These are by far the most picturesque castles we know; and the only castles we use in adorning landscape. The irregularity of the original plan admits still more irregularity, when the castle becomes a ruin.

The *coast-castle* takes a more regular form and aims at some degree of *mutual defence*, among its several parts. Each tower can give some assistance to its neighbour; though but imperfectly sustained. In a picturesque light

however, though the whole is too regular, as the idea of a *Keep* or prominent part, is still preserved, we get a tolerable ruin from these castles also; especially when one or two of the surrounding towers are decayed, and a chasm is introduced.

In later times, when the precision of mathematics was applied to military architecture, its last style took place. Then the salient angle, the ravelin and glacis were produced—forms so completely unpicturesque, that no part of them, unless perhaps the corner of a bastion, or battery, can be introduced in a picture—and that only, when there are objects at hand to act in contrast with them.

From Deal to Sandwich the country still continues flat. This latter town takes its name from the vast sand-banks which overspread the inland part of the coast in its neighbourhood. Where any soil prevails, it is trenched and well cultivated.

Sandwich, though now an ordinary town, was formerly fortified, and is still entered by a picturesque old gate. It was once likewise a port of some consequence. A few small ships

still lye under its walls: for the Stour, on which it stands, is navigable only for such; and the road leads into the town over a curious balance bridge, which rises to let vessels through.

Near Sandwich are the ruins of Richborough-castle; which are supposed to mark the very spot, where Cæsar landed, though they are now above a mile from the sea. But it is beyond a doubt, from the many marine utensils which have been dug up, and the nature of the coast in general, that this whole tract must formerly have been covered with the sea, and formed into land, in the manner described above, by the overflowing of the tide \*. It is somewhat singular that these lands are considerably higher than some lands beyond them, which had, several years ago, been recovered in the same manner.

From this coast we have a distant view of that celebrated road, called the *Downs*. The north and south Forelands confine it on each side; and the Goodwin Sands, which run

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\* See Page 86.

nearly

nearly from one extremity of these head-lands to the other, not less than three leagues, defend it from the sea. It is an excellent station for ships, except when the weather is stormy, and blows toward the sands, which are the most frightful Syrtes on any coast perhaps in Europe. If a vessel touch them, there is hardly a possibility to get her off. She is sucked in, and often disappears. Instances have been known of a ship of the line striking on these sands, and disappearing in a few tides.

On these dreadful occasions nothing can exceed the courage and dexterity of the seamen of this coast. When a ship is observed to be thus entangled, they launch a boat, and fearless of danger, amidst the most raging sea, push to the wreck; and bring off the men, and whatever of most value that can be thrown on board. Many instances we heard of wonderful intrepidity on these occasions; and among them as wonderful an instance of Dutch economy.—A large West India-man, in her passage to Amsterdam, took shelter from a violent storm in the Downs; and ran upon the Goodwin Sands. Her distress was soon observed from the shore; and two or three

three boats pushed off immediately to her relief. The necessity of the case required expedition: but the Dutch captain thought it prudent first to settle the bargain. As the Deal-men venture their lives on these occasions, the gratuity they expect, and indeed what they reasonably may demand, is rather considerable. The Dutchman said it was exorbitant, and began to beat them down. The Deal-men, told him, they made only their usual charge, and could not make a precedent for taking less; reminding him withal, that the time was pressing, and begged him to make haste. The prudent Dutchman however, told them, he would give them no such money —they might go about their busines—and he would manage his own affairs himself. The next tide made the case desperate—the ship was swallowed up, and every man on board perished.

On the day preceding that dreadful night of November 27, 1703, which is generally mentioned by the name of the *great storm*, rear-admiral Beaumont, who had been observing the French squadron in the channel, ran

ran his fleet for safety into the Downs, where he dropped anchor. As the tempest came on, the ships soon lost all order as a fleet—Signals were no longer seen, or heard. Each single ship had only to endeavour its own safety. Not an anchor held. Four ships of the line were driven on the sands, and perished with all their crews—the Stirling Castle of eighty guns—the Restoration of seventy-four—the Northumberland of seventy—and the Royal Mary of sixty-four. Besides the damage of various kinds, which England suffered in that night, its navy alone lost thirteen ships.

In a picturesque light, the north and south Forelands make only a disagreeable appearance, being regular chalky cliffs ranging in a line, like two chalk walls, along the opposite sides of the bay. Britain may here with great propriety be said,—*to fling her white arms o'er the sea.*

As the Downs, though an excellent road in general, are sometimes dangerous, a safe harbour on this coast has long been thought very desirable. In Edward VI's. time the idea of such an harbour was first taken up; and afterwards

wards in succeeding reigns: but still nothing was done. Somewhere near Sandown-castle was the place most generally approved for its situation. But on the 16th of December 1748. a great storm sweeping all this coast, the small harbour of Ramsgate was found to have afforded more security to little vessels in that season of distress, than any other. This turned the eyes of people on Ramsgate as a proper situation for the intended harbour, and the business was laid before parliament. A petition from the lord of the manor tended to accelerate the business. He represented to the House, while the bill was depending, that as the wreck on that coast belonged to him, and formed a considerable part of his property, he prayed that the bill might not pass. The necessity of the case appearing on such respectable authority, the bill passed without farther opposition: and the parliament granted a large sum to carry it into effect. The work was begun in the year 1749; and in eleven or twelve years two immense bulwarks were thrown out considerably above a quarter of a mile, into the sea; inclosing an area of forty-six acres. But it was soon found, that the sand introduced by the tides would by degrees choak

choak the harbour. Many attempts were made to get rid of this incumbrance. Lighters were first employed to carry it off: but without effect. The sand-banks increased. It was next attempted to rake up the mud with ponderous machines, as the tide retreated, in hopes that the ebbing waters would carry it with them. But this did not answer. In short the projectors were dispirited, and the work ceased.

When we were at Ramsgate, we walked to the end of the western pier, which is indeed a most magnificent work: but we heard every body lamenting, that an undertaking, which promised so fair; and had cost the nation two hundred thousand pounds, should end in disappointment.

When all were thus in despair of making an effectual harbour, the committee, engaged in the work, applied to Mr. Smeaton, whose talents had been shewn with such success in erecting the Eddystone light-house. This able engineer, observing there could be no good harbour without a river to scour it, and keep it clean, projected here, where there was no natural river, an artificial one. He proposed that an area, at the land end of the harbour,

harbour, containing about sixteen acres, should be walled in, as a reservoir of water, which the tide should daily fill; and that this reservoir, being let off by fluices, on the retreat of the tide, should perform the office of a natural river, in scouring the harbour. The effect answered beyond expectation. The force of such a body of water, from half a dozen fluices, carried off the mud and sand rapidly out of the mouth of the harbour; and it appeared beyond a doubt, that in time the whole might be cleansed. About the year 1780, Ramsgate began to answer its end by sheltering distressed vessels. In January 1790 a severe storm drove 160 vessels into its harbour at one time: and the country people came down in numbers to the beach, to see so new a sight. Indeed the harbour appeared, on trial, to answer better than was originally expected. It was intended at first only for vessels of about three hundred tons: but it was made deep enough to receive vessels of five hundred.

At the ebb of the tide this harbour affords but little water, which is however no inconvenience; as ships riding in the Downs, feel little distress, till the tide rises. When there is  
water

water sufficient, signals are made, in the night by lights; and in the day, by flags. And it is a peculiar advantage in the opening of this harbour, to the sea, that every wind that is fair for ships to proceed on their voyages from the Downs, will enable them also to leave Ramsgate.

These remarks are extracted from a pamphlet written on the subject by Mr. Smeaton, who concludes with saying, "it appeared on evidence, that in one winter, besides the saving of ships and men, an amount of property was secured, by this harbour, to the value of between two and three hundred thousand pounds." The following is a list of ships, some of them upwards of five hundred tons, which have taken shelter, in different years, in Ramsgate harbour.

Ships.	Ships.
In 1780, 29.	In 1786, 238.
1781, 56.	1787, 247.
1782, 140.	1788, 172.
1783, 149.	1789, 320.
1784, 159.	1790, 387.
1785, 213.	

## SECTION XIII.

*Kingsgate—Margate—Isle of Thanet—the Sarre—Reculver-abbey—passage of the Wantsum—grand view near Minster.*

FROM Ramsgate we proceeded to Kingsgate, a house belonging to Lord Holland, seated on a bleak promontory, exposed to every wind that blows. It consists of a complete set of ruins, which compose the house and offices. The brew-house is a fort—the stable, a monastery—the pigeon house a watch tower,—and the porter's lodge a castle. Another strange building appears which you know not what to make of; but as you approach it you find it to be an inn. Even buildings, which all wish to conceal, are here ostentatious objects, in the form of ruins.

Among all the crude conceptions of depraved taste, we scarce ever meet with any thing more completely absurd than this collection of heterogeneous ruins. Nothing can equal the caprice of bringing such a motley confusion of abbies, forts, and castles together, except the paltry style in which they

are executed. So far are they from being *fortita decenter*, that the parts which belong to one species, are tacked to another; and though all of them are professedly imitations of such buildings as belong to a grand style of architecture, there is not the least magnificence either in the whole, or in any of the details. If the materials here brought together, had all been formed into one noble castle, the *absurdity* would at least have been avoided, for though the situation may be thought disagreeable to some, yet with others it might have its charms: at least it is the situation of a castle. Whereas to fix an abbey on such a staring eminence, though unconnected with all its vile appendages, would be grossly incorrect.

The only thing we liked in the whole was the gate from which the place takes its name. There is a cleft running down to the beach from the high ground, which is formed into an easy descent. Here Charles II. and the Duke of York, on some occasion, landed; and in memory of this event, Lord Holland has erected a noble gate, at the bottom of the cliff, which is thus inscribed,

Olim porta fui patroni Bartholomæi:  
 Nunc, regis jussu, Regia porta vocor.  
 Huc exscenterunt Ca: II: R. et  
 Jac: Dux Ebor: 30 Jun: 1683.

Margate lies about three miles from Kingsgate. The shore here is not so totally without beauty, as at Brighthelmstone. It is but poorly indeed edged with a low chalk cliff; yet here and there it rises; and in some parts forms a little curve. On the north we had a distant view of Reculver-abbey. The pier, which secures a few fishing boats, though paltry, gives some variety to the place.

From Margate we passed through the Isle of Thanet, which is rich, and well cultivated, but without any picturesque beauty. At a place called the Sarre, about nine miles from Canterbury, we left the island. Here we crossed the Wantsum, a narrow channel, which forms the boundary between Thanet and Kent. The towers of Reculver-abbey, which we had left on the right, appeared now in front. This abbey is modernized into a church, and its two steeples (called by seamen

the *Sisters*) are of great use in pointing out the shelves of this flat coast.—Along these shores the tide often throws up pieces of pottery, which the antiquarian easily knows to be of Roman manufacture. The phænomenon is accounted for, by supposing, that, in ancient times, some Roman vessel, laden with these goods, was wrecked in this neighbourhood.

At present all appearance of insularity in the Isle of Thanet is gone; but tradition reports, that formerly, when the sea was more in possession of the coast, the Wantsum was considerably wider; and ships could easily pass from Margate-road into the Downs, without doubling the north foreland.

From the high grounds a little to the north of Minster, in this island, is a view, thought to be one of the most varied, and extensive in Britain. Towards the sea, the eye is carried first over the rich lands of the island—then over the Downs, and Goodwin sands—as far as the white cliffs of Calais. To the south it commands all the coast towards Sandwich and Deal. To the west it extends over the woody country of east-Kent, to the towers of Canterbury; beyond which it is





is lost in a vast distance, bounded by what in a clear day appear to be remote hills; though generally undistinguishable from the blue æther of the horizon. But towards the north, the eye has the widest range. All the indentations of the shore are spread before it, formed by the sweeping line of the Thames—the intervening landscape between the Thames and the Medway—the Isle of Sheepy—and the distant shores of Essex.



## SECTION XIV.

Canterbury—ruins of Austinfriars—great church—Becket's monument—French protestant church—Bishop Chickely's monument—Dean Fotherby's—road to Rochester—Sir Thomas Randolph—Sittingborn—view of Sheepy-island—Boughton-hill.

CANTERBURY lies at the upper end of an extensive vale, which is supposed to have been formerly an estuary. Few towns in England boast so much of their antiquities. It has been celebrated both as a fortress, and as a seat of religion. In memory of its military prowess little remains, but a few old gates, the fragments of a wall, and the ruins of a castle, which consists only of a heavy square tower. But its religious antiquities are both more numerous, and more curious. Here stood the tomb of Becket, renowned over all the world; and around it various religious houses. Greyfriers, Blackfriers, and Austinfriars, are now only the names of different quarters of the town; for not even a vestige remains to mark where each monastery stood. In a town

ground is more an object than in the country; and these beautiful pieces of antiquity, situated in these straitened quarters, have less chance of surviving the injuries of time. The only ruin of any consequence still left, is a part of the monastery of the Austinfriers, which is seen in a good point of view from the window of the great church. On the spot it appears to less advantage.

But the principal ornament of Canterbury is the cathedral, which, though not a large pile, is extremely beautiful. The gate, which leads to the close, is in a good style of gothic architecture. On entering it we are presented with the front of the church, which is equally pleasing. The tower is particularly striking; and the cloisters highly elegant. The inside of the church has less purity of style. The choir part is of Saxon structure; but good in its kind. The nave, which was destroyed by fire, and rebuilt in later times, is of the best gothic. From the stairs which we ascend to the choir, we have a grand perspective view of the *whole nave*. This ascent consists of seventeen steps in two landings, and gives great magnificence to the church. We admired an elevation of this kind at Hyth in miniature.

ture\*. Here we saw it in a style of grandeur. The skreen which separates the nave from the choir, is a piece of beautiful gothic workmanship. In the several compartments of it, the founders and benefactors of the church are enthroned in their respective niches.

Beyond the choir is Becket's chapel, where the steps that led formerly to his shrine, are worn by the devout knees of votaries; and the pavement, which has been elegant Mosaic, is mutilated by devotees, who to this day carry off fragments as reliques.

Beneath the choir is a French protestant church, which queen Elizabeth granted to encourage a silk manufactory. The virgin Mary's chapel is beautifully proportioned, and richly adorned.

In this church lye the Black Prince; Henry IV., and his queen; the duke of Clarence; Cardinal Poole; the bishops Warham, Chicheley, and many others of note, either in history or letters. Chicheley's monument is magnificent and moral. It is divided into two compartments. In the upper one, the bishop lies in all the state of his pontifical robes: in the lower, as a skeleton, in the drapery of death.

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\* See page 69.

—In dean Wotton's monument there is great expression in the head; and in dean Fotherby's, a very beautiful arrangement of skulls and other bones.

From Canterbury we proceeded to Rochester, through a rich and picturesque country. I speak only of *rural* nature. It is not adorned, indeed, with any of the *great materials* of landscape; but the ground lies so beautifully, the woods are so frequent, and so varied; and the lanes winding among them, give so advantageous a view of the whole, that we were much entertained. The only thing which injures the beauty of this country is the frequency of hop-grounds; which are formal and disagreeable in every state of cultivation.

A little to the left of Feversham lies Badlesmere, where that honest statesman, Sir Thomas Randolph, retired from public business. He had long been versed in all the wily politics of Elizabeth; and had of course been engaged in many scenes, which the integrity of his nature disallowed. The best statesman, if we may judge

judge from this politician, have two consciences. However honest and faithful in private life, they often, he informs us, allow a little duplicity in public. They are following their trade ; and in his trade a man will sometimes deviate from that direct line, which he may pursue perhaps in every thing else. In truth, the confessions of statesmen often sacrifice to that honesty, they have injured ; and make some amends for their wry practices by leaving behind a sigh over the past. One of the greatest moralists of this kind was poor Woolsey, whose well known speech as he lay expiring in the abbey of Leicester should be engraven on the memory of all statesmen. Sir Thomas Randolph hath left behind an attestation of the same kind. In a letter, still extant, to secretary Walsingham, his brother-in-law, and one of the honestest of statesmen, he concludes thus : " Tis now full time to bid farewell to our tricks ; you, of a secretary ; and I, of an ambassador ; and for both of us to make our peace with heaven."

At Sittingbourne we slept at the Red Lion. Our bill the next morning amounted to nine shillings,

shillings ; which did not seem extravagant, though it was within nine-pence of the sum recorded to have been spent, some years ago, by a loyal inhabitant of this town, in giving a breakfast, at this very inn, to king Henry V., and all his train, on his landing from France.

Besides the beautiful home views which struck us in our ride between Canterbury and Rochester, we had several good distances ; particularly one on the right, discovering Sheepy island encircled by the channel, which spreads wide when the tide is full, and is covered with ships. We have the same view, only a little diversified, near the fifty-first stone from Boughton hill. Soon after the Medway appeared, and contiguous to it the basin of Chatham, with all its noble furniture of ships of war.





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## SECTION XV.

*Rochester—Bishop Gundulph's tower—the cathedral—the bridge  
—grand view of the Medway from Frimbury—Dutch fleet  
—another view of the Medway from the windmill.*

ROCHESTER is an ordinary town; but very large when considered in union with Chatham and Stroud. The *castle*, as it is called, though it is only a single square tower, is seated on the banks of the river, and adds great dignity to the scene. In *itself* it is, perhaps, the most curious structure of its kind in England. It was probably the *keep* only, or citadel, of the old castle, which had once considerable extent; and was the grand defence of this avenue into the country, through the opening of the Medway. This last vestige too of the old castle has suffered much dilapidation; and every thing was sold, and carried away, that could be severed from the walls: but the body of the structure itself, being very compact, and adhesive, from the excellence of the cement and masonry, could not be taken in pieces, without greater expence than the materials would answer.

fwer. This curious edifice therefore, reluctantly left, still remains, and may long remain for the examination of future generations. It is supposed to have been erected about the beginning of the eleventh, or twelfth century, by bishop Gundulph, whose name it bears; and who is said to have been the best architect of his time. Indeed, the religious of those days were often well skilled in architecture; and used to build their own abbies and cathedrals. The area of this tower is a square of seventy feet, exclusive of the several towers which adhere to it. Its walls are twelve feet in thickness, and its height an hundred and twenty. The contrivance of the chambers is singular, and may be found minutely described in the *Antiquities of Rochester*. One circumstance of its internal construction is very remarkable. The shaft of a well is wrought into one of the walls, and carried up into the several stories, with an opening into each; so that the top of the castle may be supplied with water from it, as well as the bottom.

The cathedral of Rochester is a pile of no magnificence; but the west end exhibits a rich and elegant piece of Saxon architecture. From the bridge, which is a noble structure, we had  
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a beautiful view of the river; and, when the tide rises, the Medway is perhaps one of the grandest sights of the kind in England; pouring up in a sweeping flood-stream, with uncommon force and agitation.

From Rochester we took a walk to Frimsbury; about a mile from it; which commands many leagues of the winding course of the Medway. From its very appearance one should conceive this channel to be an excellent naval station; and indeed in fact it is one of the best in England. It is so deep, and its banks so soft, that little danger need be feared though a ship should strike against it.

Beautiful, however, as this scene is, and under a serene sky, mild and tranquil, he who stood on this eminence on the 8th of July 1667, would have been appalled. On that day he might have seen the Dutch fleet, under De Ruyter, entering the Medway,—bursting the chain thrown across the river,—storming Upnor castle,—and burning six large ships of the line, which lay unfurnished and unrigged in different parts of the river; while volumes of smoke from an immense magazine which he left

left burning at Sheerness, filled all the distant parts of the picture with a dreadful and melancholy gloom. A grander and more picturesque scene was never exhibited ;—a more disgraceful action to England was never attempted : but it happened under a prince of the most detestable character—a prince who sheathed his sword, and laid up his ships, while a treaty was depending, that he might apply the money of the nation to his own infamous purposes.

But we came not here to recollect the disgraces of the country, but to examine the picturesque views it exhibits. From a stand in a field near Frimbury church-yard, the Medway forms the appearance of a vast lake adorned with islands. This lake is so extensive, that the basin of Chatham, which makes a part of it, and in which were nearly thirty ships of the line, seems only an inconsiderable bay. At a distance appears the sea, with which the lake communicates. At the windmill, a little beyond Frimbury, the river loses the form of a lake, and resumes its own form. All the way, as far as Upnore castle, along the higher grounds, we were told the views of this grand, beautiful river are varied ; though

in general they seem to be rather amusing than picturesque. They are too large for the eye to comprehend: and want besides a proportion of fore-ground, being chiefly made up of distances.



## SECTION XVI.

*View of the Thames from Gadhill—from Ingress—remarks on river-scenery—view from Shooter's hill—remarks on Sir George Young's pictures at Foot's-cray.*

FROM Rochester, the country continues still pleasant. As we leave the Medway we take up the Thames. Gadhill presents us with the first view of it; where it adorns a good distance. At Ingress, which belonged to the late Mr. Calcraft, it forms a beautiful piece of river perspective.

No countries afford more *pleasing distances* than those, which are adorned with noble river-views; and what makes these river-views more valuable, is their scarcity. We have them in very few parts of England. For in the first place the river must be *large*. A small river is lost in a *distance*; and few rivers in England are of a size sufficient to decorate this *kind of view*. It is true, the river may be too large. If the water exceed in proportion the land, picturesque beauty of course is lost \*. But here they are well pro-

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\* See a description of the Mississippi, in the Western tour.  
page 239.

portioned.—The river also must run through a flat country. High banks may give it beauty of another kind; at least upon the spot; but they destroy its effect in a distance. On all these accounts the painter may study the beautiful reaches of a distant river, perhaps no where in England, with more advantage than on this road.

At Dartford we left the Thames, together with the great London road, intending to cross the country to Bromley. We wished to have continued on the great road, if our time had permitted, as far as Shooter's hill; the view from which, though not picturesque, is said to be striking. From a turn of the river such ships as are stationed upon it are seen between the eye and the city; which occasions the strangest combination of masts and sails, spires and towers that can be conceived; and brings the grandeur of the city, and the vastness of its commerce, together in one point of view.

From Dartford to Bromley we passed through a pleasant, woody country. In our way we visited Sir George Young's at Foot's-cray. The house is constructed on an elegant Palladian

dian plan. We entered by a portico into a dome; from which, on each side we passed into the apartments, and a gallery round the dome led to the attic.

The house however is chiefly celebrated for a good collection of pictures. I shall take notice of such as pleased us most.

In an emblematical piece by Julio Carpioni, the freedom of the execution with the bustle and variety among the boys, at first catch the eye: but the picture will not bear examination. The drawing, colouring, composition, and disposition of the light are all faulty.

Several sea-pieces by Vanderveld hang in different places; but none of them is capital: though many of them are pleasantly painted. In the storm the rock is too artificial: it appears introduced for the purpose.—Some ships anchoring in a reach make a good composition; but it would have been better, if the parts had been fewer. A small sloop is beautifully painted.—And a calm has a fine misty hue.

In a sea-port by Wenix the balance of light and shade is well preserved; the composition too is pleasing, and the execution masterly. The figures on the fore-ground are good. The building is rather formal; the

distance too is good, but the parts are disagreeably broken.

In a landscape by Claude Loraine, I own I saw nothing very striking, except the colouring and simplicity of the manner. There is nothing pleasing in the composition. The trees are heavy: and the figures bad.

A landscape by Poussin is a fine picture. The foreground is rich, and well massed: and there is a display of light upon it, which is beautiful: but the distance is bad; and the hill, which chiefly forms it, is hard and mishapen.

The Foro by Canaletti, is full of work, and very amusing; but the whole is formal and disgusting.

The wolf and dogs by Sneider is a bad composition. Every thing is detached, strained, and unnatural. The wolf is standing on his hind legs resting on a deer, which he has just killed: a dog reaching at him, has one of his forelegs in his mouth; while the wolf has seized another dog, and is supporting him in the air.

Abraham and Hagar by Rembrant is a small, but beautiful picture. The light is wonderfully fine; and the clearness of the colouring pleasing. It is by chance only that

Rembrant conceives so elegant a form, as he has given to Hagar. She is mounted on an ass, and just taking her departure.

A very capital Rosa of Fivoli, representing a patriarchal journey. The composition and light are beautiful. The figures and cattle are well touched. In short the whole is harmonious, and every part pleasing. The distant hills are rather hard, and the sky still harder.

A landscape by Hobima is finely painted. The subject is rural, but there is nothing in the composition. The light is well disposed, and the execution admirable. The trees are loose, and beautiful.

In a landscape by Paul Brill very little is pleasing, but the light.

In a large battle of the Centaurs by L. Jordano, are many good passages; but they are ill put together and the whole is a jumble. A good disposition of light might in some degree have harmonized it. But it is full of hardnesses and disagreeable figures.

A beautiful small Madona by Carlo Dolce.

A good upright by Canaletti.

A dead Christ by Annibal Caracci. This is an admirable picture. The dead figure is lying on the lap of the virgin, who is fainting

over it. Both these figures are happily conceived, especially the dead one; the anatomy of which we particularly admired; its pallid hue also, and the stiffness of the limbs. Over the dead body is kneeling another female figure, the attitude, and expression of which are among the best passages in the picture. The drapery is but indifferent. Near this figure is another in strong agony, divided between an attention to the dead body and the virgin. Behind is a fifth introduced for the sake of the composition. The whole is a scene of nature and expression. The manner is bold and masterly. It is a pity we cannot say as much for this picture as a *whole*, as hath been said for its *parts*: but here it is deficient. Instead of uniting in one mass, it discovers a hand here, and a head there, disagreeably in spots. If this picture had been well united in composition; if the colours had been a little more harmonized and a larger scale allowed, (for it is a small picture, probably meant as a study for a larger,) it might have been considered as very capital.

A holy family by Rubens. The legs of the boy are rather awkward, but every thing else is pleasing. Elizabeth is an admirable

rable figure. Her countenance is very expressive.

Heraclitus and Democritus by Rembrant. The two philosophers are standing over a globe, and making their peculiar reflections upon it. There is great simplicity in this picture; and it is a good one in all respects, excepting only that the two philosophers are Dutchmen.

Venus and Adonis by Rubens. She is in a posture of running; and he is awkwardly leaning over her. The group is made up with dogs. There is something in the Venus not disagreeable; but the picture on the whole is displeasing. Among the innumerable pictures by Rubens we do not often find a bad one.

A small view near Haerlem by Ruisdale. It is merely a distance, but the light is finely thrown; and the whole picture painted in the hue of nature.

Presentation of Christ in the temple by Rembrant. This is a small picture, but abounds in figures. The composition is good; and there is an artificial effect of light. We are at a loss indeed to know from whence it comes; but I am never much distressed with that circumstance, if the light is good.

A good

A good landscape by Both; in which that master's manner is conspicuous. But it wants force.

Two capital pieces by Burgognone: one is a battle, the other a retreat. They are larger than the generality of the pictures of this master. There is no great effect of light in either of them, and nothing striking in the composition: neither have they that pleasing hue, which generally glows in the pictures of this able colourist. There is too much of the reddish tinge; not those sober browns, and rich tints, which Bourgognone commonly mixes with so much judgment. But both pieces exhibit great execution. Half a dozen bold strokes produce any effect he pleases. The distances too are natural—perhaps superior to the fore-grounds.

In the woman taken in adultery, the figures have strong character, and expression; and the composition is pleasing.

In the dead game by Fyte, the composition and whole are pleasing; the dogs are particularly good.

Democritus by Salvator is a large and capital picture. The laughing philosopher is brought at length to serious contemplation. Salvator, in

in his etching from this picture, inscribes it thus, *Democritus, omnium derisor, in finem omnium defigitur.* Notwithstanding the merriment he had always indulged about human affairs, the painter supposes him at last brought to serious contemplation. The moral is good, and the tale well told. The variety of objects about him which are subject to the decay of time; the contemplative figure of the philosopher; the dark and gloomy tint which prevails over the picture, in short the whole solemnity of the scene, and every part of it, contribute to strike that awe, which the painter intended. The only part of the picture which does not join in harmony with the rest, is the ramification of the trees, which are too much in vigour to agree with the other decayed parts of nature. A ruin perhaps might have had a better effect, and would have joined more solemnly in the composition, than trees of any kind. The scathed trunk of an oak might perhaps have been added.

The partner of this picture is very inferior. It represents Diogenes throwing away his cap, on seeing a boy drinking out of the hollow of his hand. The grey tint, in which it is . . . . . painted

painted is disagreeable. The subject here might have allowed a little more richness of colouring.

A company of Dutchmen. The manner is rather finical, but the characters are admirable.

## SECTION XVII.

*Chislehurst—Camden—Bishop Gibson—Bromley—Bishop of Rochester's palace—Croydon—Archbishop Seldon's monument—Beddington—Queen Elizabeth's walk—Carshalton—the curious river there—Mr. Walpole's—Mr. Scawen's.*

FROM Foot's-cray we passed through the sweet winding lanes, and woody hills of Chislehurst; which, from its situation and air, is often called the Montpellier of England. Here Camden wrote his *Britannia*, which in the original is a work both of taste and of knowledge. In our heavy English translation it appears only the work of an antiquarian. Bishop Gibson was a good divine; and a benevolent man; and Camden perhaps is the only person he ever injured.—In memory of the celebrated author of the *Britannia*, Lord Camden has turned his old mansion into an elegant seat.

Three miles more brought us to Bromley, which stands in a pleasant country. Here the bishops of Rochester have a palace, which the present

present bishop\* built from the ground; and has laid out the scenery around him in a pleasing manner; though I know not whether exactly in the style that might have been chosen for the gravity of an episcopal mansion.

From hence we proceeded to Croydon, a considerable town, where the archbishops of Canterbury have a palace, though it is now scarcely habitable. The parish church is a large pile. The monument of archbishop Seldon is more taken notice of, than it deserves. It wants simplicity: the figure is awkward; and the drapery bad, especially the right sleeve. The bones which decorate the base are well executed.

About three miles from Croydon lies Beddington, once the refuge of queen Elizabeth, where a walk which she is said to have laid out, still retains her name. The house is large, but it is remarkable only for a fine old hall. It stands on a watery damp spot, though the grounds in its neighbourhood are dry and pleasant. The park is large, but flat.

Beddington almost joins Carshalton, a pleasant village watered by many limpid springs, which arise from several parts of it, and form a little rivulet. In its way to the Thames, it affords more manufacturing works, than perhaps any stream in England of so short a course. It is farther remarkable for never freezing—for never overflowing—for never decreasing, and for producing excellent trout.

The pleasant situation of Carshalton within ten miles of London, has made it the summer retreat of many eminent merchants, whose houses are its greatest ornament. One or two of them are worth visiting, particularly Mr. Walpole's, which a few years ago belonged to Lord Anson.—In a park adjoining to this village, Mr. Scawen proposed to build a noble mansion. For this purpose he had a model made, which cost him five hundred pounds. The plan pleased him, and he ordered a house to be built upon it. Stone was contracted for; and was brought to the spot, and hewn. But when this was done, he found he had gone his length; and the stones have lain ever since, a heap of modern ruins.

ruins. Grand Corinthian capitals, rich freezes, superb pediments, and all the members of a noble plan lie half buried in the ground\*.

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\* Since this was written, the stone has been sold, and carried away.

## SECTION XVIII.

*Another road from Canterbury, through the middle of Kent—Chilham-castle—Mr. Knight's woods—Lord Winchelsea's park—Leeds-castle—Maidstone—Mereworth-castle—Tunbridge—Knowl-park—portrait of Sir Edward Sackville—beautiful views near Sevenoaks—Squirries—general idea of this part of Kent.*

FROM Canterbury we went first to Chilham-castle, which is one of the oldest fortresses of this country. What remains is only the citadel, or keep. With what strength these inward retreats were constructed, appears (as we observe in many instances) from their remaining often entire, when every other part of the castle has given way. This citadel is built in an octagon form, which is not a very common one. It is still habitable. A room under ground is converted into a kind of brew-house; the ground floor is a kitchen; the upper story forms a handsome apartment; and if you wish to ascend higher, you are carried upon the leads, where you have an extensive view.

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From

From Chilham-castle we mounted a hill, from whence we had a view of Mr. Knight's woods; and leaving Wye on the left, which overlooks a pleasant country, we took the road through Lord Winchelsea's park, where some of the lawns, and hanging woods, form a pleasing landscape. A little farther the view is very extensive; and enriched with all the beautiful obscurities of distance.

We next visited Leeds-castle a pile of old building, nearly surrounded by a limpid stream, which serves as a broad wet-ditch, and swells in one part into a considerable piece of water. At the entrance of the castle stands the ruins of a dungeon. An old man, on the spot, told us he could remember its being full of prisoners. There was a great sickness, he said, among them, and it was common to carry out nine or ten dead men in a morning. He did not know of what nation they were: but as he dated the sickness about eighty years ago, it is probable they were prisoners taken in the Dutch wars.—In the summer of the year 1406, Henry the fourth kept his court in

in this castle, having been driven from London by the plague.

From Leeds-castle we passed through pleasant lanes of old oak and beech ; and, leaving Lord Romney's on the right, we descended a steep hill, which brought us into Maidstone. Maidstone is a handsome town ; and the church, which is a plain Gothic building, has formerly been monastic. At the bottom of the town the Medway forms a fine stream.

From hence, in our road to Tunbridge, we visited Mereworth-castle, a noble seat belonging to the Earl of Westmorland, and built by Colin Campbell on a Palladian plan. It stands in a moat. The house is square, with a dome in the centre. You enter a grand hall, which gives you access to all the chambers below. A small winding stair-case leads into a circular gallery which surrounds the lower part of the dome ; and from this you are carried into all the chambers above. The dome having a double top, is so contrived as to concenter all the chimnies, by which the deformity of those

staring excrescences on the tops of houses are avoided. The only mischief is, the chambers smoke. As you walk round the house you find it has four fronts, each of which is graced with a portico. The state-rooms are richly fitted up, and one or two of them are adorned with beautiful tapestry. There are some good pictures also. In the drawing-room hangs a Holy Family well painted, and an admirable St. Francis by Guido, in which great fervor of devotion is expressed. There is also a Venus and Cupid by Rubens well painted; and two Baffans, which would be thought good pictures by those who like the master. The long gallery is a noble room; the floor is of red stucco. It is adorned with an admirable piece by Holbein, consisting of seven figures; himself, his wife, four boys, and a girl. As a *whole* it has no effect, but the *heads* are excellent. They are not painted in the common flat style of Holbein, but with a round, firm, glowing pencil, and yet his exact imitation of nature is observed. The boys are very innocent, beautiful characters.—But the picture most esteemed in this house, is Christ breaking bread, by Raphael. It is better coloured than Raphael's easel-pictures generally





are, and there is less hardness in it; but it is by no means pleasing. The characters in particulars, which one should hardly expect, are not of an elevated cast. We admired three sketches of the death, the resurrection, and adoration of Christ, but we could not learn the master. The ground about the house is laid out awkwardly, and calls aloud for improvement.

From Mereworth-castle we rode through a beautiful country to Tunbridge. The high street is broad and handsome, and the castle is a good object, being adorned at the corners with round turrets, which give a lighter form to the square tower than it commonly possesses. Over the gateway is a noble state-room, though it is now divided into three apartments. It is seventeen feet high, and from its ornaments the antiquarian traces it to the times of Henry III. The roof is so extremely strong, that it plainly appears to have been intended as a support to military engines.

Tunbridge lies about seven miles from Sevenoaks. In our way thither we rode through

through the duke of Dorset's park at Knowl, which contains many beautiful scenes of wood and lawn, on each side of a vale winding through a great part of it. The house is an ancient mansion, carrying us into the times of queen Elizabeth. Its age is dated by massy, carved chimney-pieces; narrow passages leading to grand apartments; and many other aukwardnesses of ancient architecture. The furniture seems coëval with the house; the walls are hung with tapestry, which must have been wrought two centuries ago; and the rooms are adorned with velvet chairs of antique cast, fringed beds, and ebony cabinets. Every room is hung with pictures, the ancient inhabitants of the house; the Dorset family at full length, and all their connections. But in this whole assembly of noble personages, very few are worth looking at. At least the eye passing rapidly over so many bad pictures, and having been so often disappointed, is not easily inclined to stop where it has so little hope of being gratified. One picture, however, was pointed out to us which was interesting. It is a portrait by Vandyk of Sir Edward Sackville, who killed Lord Bruce in a duel. Our curiosity is engaged by a character,

ter, in which we regret, that so many virtues, and such noble sentiments, should ever have been under the influence of a false notion of honour.

From the hills near Sevenoaks are some beautiful views.—The duke of Argyle's house at Comb excited our curiosity for the sake of the pictures ; but it was at too late an hour to see them.

On a visit at Squirries, (which formerly belonged to Mr. Secretary Craggs,) among two or three good pictures, we were exceedingly pleased with a Dutch family, painted in an admirable rough style.

This part of Kent is hilly ; and the hills are a continuation of those we met at Lord Winchelsea's park. They run into Surry as far as Dorking by Farnham and Guildford.

From Westerham we passed a wild country, and entered Surry by Banstead downs.

THE END.

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